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A HISTORY
OF THE
EARLY ADVENTURES
OF
WASHINGTON

AMONG THE
INDIANS OF THE WEST;
AND THE STORY OF HIS LOVE OF
MARIA FRAZIER,
THE
EXILE'S DAUGHTER;
WITH
AN ACCOUNT OF THE MINGO PROPHET,
WHOSE MOST SINGULAR ADVENTURES
ARE BLENDED WITH THE FORTUNES OF WASHINGTON,
AND HIS LOVE OF THE FOREST GIRL.

GATHERED FROM THE RECORDS OF THAT ERA.

The great have loved as well as small,
For love 's the power that conquers all.
'The Indian with his chosen squaw,
Bows down to love's mysterious law.
So WASHINGTON, the good—the great,

Submitted to this law of Fate—
When first he saw the Forest Maid,
Near Braddock's field—*I love, he said,*
And at love's altar bent the knee,
The glorious Chief of Liberty!

BY JOSIAH PRIEST,
AUTHOR OF SEVERAL WORKS, AS AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES, ETC., ETC.

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He stood amaz'd ! behind a tree conceal'd,
And lov'd the charms her beauties there reveal'd.....SEE PAGE 36.

EARLY ADVENTURES OF WASHINGTON AMONG THE INDIANS;

THE STORY OF HIS LOVE OF THE EXILE'S DAUGHTER;

With an account of the Mingo Prophet of those times; and many other exceedingly interesting Reminiscences of that period.

O'er hill and dale, o'er swamp and wild,
The early steps of Freedom's child,
Where Indian tribes spread far and near,
Were seen to wend, but without fear.
'Twas Washington, who then but young,
O'er the deep West his vision flung;
And as a sage who knew the fates,
Foresaw the empire of the States;
And bore through dangers hissing round,
Like serpents on the Arab's ground,
Dinwiddie's letter, hating war,
To Fort Le Bœuf, the French, afar.
And then unscath'd by harm or chance,
Except the wounds of beauty's glance,
Returned again to Vernon's height,
Deep in love and patriot might.

At the confluence of the Susquehannah and Juniata rivers in Pennsylvania, not far above the city of Baltimore, is the termination of a beautiful tract of alluvial, which in its original state was densely covered with mighty forests of the rock maple, the sweet and pellucid fountains of the wild sugar of the west. But mingled with these on the shores and umbrageous banks of both these waters, were found congregated in vast profusion, the rich wide spreading elm, the oleaginous and valued butternut, the wild thorn and crab apple tree, the Indian plum in all its varieties, the willow, water beach, ash, and magnolia, all bound and mingled in the balmy fellowship of nature. On the distant ranges of mountain heights there waved in gloomy grandeur the ever green forests of pine, hemlock, spruce, and the balsam tree, interspersed with the low tangled laurel bush, which in its season, blushed in wilderness profusion, with closely matted flowers of red and white, covering from view the green bushes and leaves of that verdant tree by their redundancy, appearing in the distance like wreaths of newly fallen snow on the mountains in the midst of June. Along the shores of these rivers, not only where they skirted the banks of the tract we are now describing, there was the every where climbing and wandering grape vine, which when the autumn had unbosomed her wealth and sweetness to the gaze of all animated nature, there was disclosed amid the deep foliage the heart cheering pageant of the purple grape, descending in rich clusters from the slender twigs, transfused through all the tan-

gled treetops of the woods, laden with the wines of the forest. But beneath and nearer to the ground, there was many a precious thing both of fruit and flower which adorned that soil, and although to the superficial and wandering sight were not so readily seen, yet the more observing and thoughtful, the more philosophic and religious, such as looking "through nature up to nature's God," would not pass them by unadmired. There was the fragrant mandrake or apple of peace, as such it proved when the angry hearts of Rachel and Leah were in collision, which covered many a plot of the wild alluvial. The spikenard, shrub and root which formed a part of the sacred unction in the formula of the religion of the Jews, abounded there, its berries filling the winds with its perfume, as well as tempting the songsters of the boughs to banquet on them. In this prolific earth grew the much valued Solomon seal, whose mysterious properties were known in the days of Israel's wisest king, but now unknown, yet in the vocabulary of medicine it is valued still. The famous dragon root with its gloomy stalk and flower, were seen peering from marshy places, of which if one but tastes, his tongue will need no other prompter to utter tales of grief for hours, as many a curious urchin of the woods can tell. But were we to notice all the wild, strange, and luxuriant growths of that prolific spot, we should write a history of botany, of flowers, of roots, forests, brambles, and timber, which is not our design; but will merely add that from signs like these, such as are wise in soils and earths, would not fail to

pronounce the land which produced such things, land of the very first order.

At this delectable point, where the two rivers, after traversing many a hundred league, the one from the north and the other from the west, passing over many a region then inhabited only by the aborigines, shook hands in deep and humid brotherhood, prior to their plunge through the gap of the Blue Ridge—at this delectable spot a gentleman of the then young city of Philadelphia had commenced a plantation. A few acres of the incumbent forest had been felled; a cabin of logs, as well as a barn of the same character had been reared; with other structures of the domicil description, giving sufficient evidence that the energetic hand of the white man had marked this point as the site of future elegance, in the royal line of agriculture.

About this time there arrived, with many other families, at the little city of Philadelphia, one from Ireland by the name of *Frazier*, who had ventured with his young wife to the new world to seek his fortune, as had all the others, and thousands more, from the same country. This Frazier, after having almost immediately discovered that the streets of Philadelphia were not paved with dollars, and that they did not grow on the bushes of the country, betook himself to labor as the only sure means of obtaining that which every man finds himself in need of almost every day—a most excellent calculation, which all men do not follow, altho' they have nothing else to do. This course of the industrious Irishman, who also took care of what he earned, did not long go unnoticed by the observing Quakers, the adherents of the noble hearted William Penn, and founder of the city of Philadelphia. The prudence of this man led him to the particular acquaintance as Providence would have it, of the man who owned the tract already described, at the forks above the Blue Ridge. The owner thereof being an opulent man of the mercantile order, and having conceived a strong liking to Frazier and his wife, offered to settle them there on his land at the Junction of the Juniata and Susquehannah rivers.

The history of Frazier in Ireland and of his emigration from thence immediately after his marriage with one of the bright beauties of his county, would not be pertinent to our chief design in the coming history; on which account we desist pleasuring the reader with its perusal, although this same family are destined to become famous in the course of these pages. The keen foresighted and calculating Irishman saw that the best thing he could do in the new world to raise his fortunes, was to accept the offer of the owner of the Juniata farm, premising in his heart the possibility of his purchasing it sooner or later. Here Frazier had luxuriated on the hope of making this wild Eden his own, while during ten years he had felled many a rood of the lofty forest, to make room for the more humble though richer fields of wheat, corn and meadow land; when suddenly

as cometh the whirlwind his dream of happiness was scattered on the winds.

By the time ten years had passed away as above hinted, there had settled at the forks many other families, increasing the little community between the mighty ranges of the Blue Ridge mountains, to nearly a hundred persons, living in log cabins, the universal dwelling of the Americans in the first settlements of the country. The inmates of this primitive hamlet and nucleus of the present dense population had after a day of toil in the sultry month of August, retired to rest, to be roused from their slumbers by the all appalling yell of the Indians, who had surrounded their dwellings. Already their houses were on fire, so silently had they made their approach, that even the dogs had been tomahawked in their lairs. But the war-cry was given to rouse the sleepers, as they did not wish to burn them in their beds, but chose rather to take them prisoners and enjoy their consternation as they should flee naked from their burning houses. The moment the doors were opened the Indians rushed in to plunder, although the houses were on fire, but so rapid were their fingers in this employment that a few moments only were necessary, when every vestige of clothing, which was their chief object, was found and carried out, as well as articles of food.

During this conflict there fell many an Indian, as well as robust settler, in the death grapple, who for the defence of wives and babes fought furiously, lighted only by the burning of their houses.

This outrage was but one among hundreds of the same character which happened all along the frontier settlements of the west and southwest of that period, and were the causes among others which led to the French war of savage memory in America, as they were instigated chiefly by that people then in the possession of the Canadas in their control of the Indians. It is true the aboriginal hunters had their own individual animosities and reasons of discontent to revenge, consisting principally of the encroachments of the pale faces upon their hunting grounds and beaver dams, thereby affecting the wants and interests of the tribes. At length daylight arose, which presented the whole settlement a smoky ruin; their cattle, which had been penned for security, and their cows for milking in the morning were running and looting about, while many lay slaughtered; upon which the Indians were feasting in a tumultuous manner around their fires, while the prisoners, about seventy in number, with their hands tied behind them, were looking on in silent agony. The horrid banquet over, the Indians, with their captives, men, women, children, and plunder, set off at a brisk, but to the prisoners painful rate, toward the western wilds.

The course they took was over that tract of country now occupied by the counties of Perry, Mifflin, Huntingdon, Cambria, Westmoreland and Alleghany in Pennsylvania. They followed on up the Juniata river to its head waters, where on the same heights of land, being a range of the Alleghany mountains, commences

rated by the mountain, and is a tributary of the Alleghany river, which uniting with the Monongahela at Pittsburgh, forms the Ohio. From the head waters of the Juniata, they passed over the terrible alternate ranges of crag and ravine, a distance of nearly fifty miles. On coming to the head waters or utmost springs of the Conemaugh creek, they descended this stream to the Alleghany, arriving at a place called in the Indian tongue Catanyan, and was a noted rallying point, or an Indian town, situate some twenty or thirty miles above Pittsburgh.

The family of Frazier consisted of his wife, two sons and a daughter. The journey from the forks of the Juniata and Susquehanna, we need not inform the reader, was to the prisoners a journey of distress and suffering, of which none can form a true idea except such as have passed through a scene like that. Dreary gulfs, swamps, streams of water, tangled forests, high mountains, deep ravines, thick grass and bushes, wet by frequent showers and the heavy dews of night, were all encountered, and passed over. The small children were to be carried or killed; rest, if any they had, was to be taken when tied and fastened to the earth with ropes and poles during the nights. The pangs of hunger, and the pains of wounds and bruises, were endured, as well as the dread of an endless captivity, if not the torture by fire. Besides all this, they were compelled to carry heavy packs formed of their own clothing, and other articles which the Indians took a fancy to carry with them from the plundered settlement. Many fell by the way, who, when the crowns of their heads had been secured, were left unburied in the wilderness. But the family of Frazier survived entire the horrors of their journey, till they arrived on the Alleghany river, at the Indian town Catanyan. At this place the Chiefs of the expedition halted to deliberate on the fate of their prisoners, who now amounted to about fifty persons. Out of this number, strange as it may appear, there was but five of the prisoners selected to be burnt, but none of these were of the Frazier family.

Here a separation of the captured whites took place, after being compelled to witness the awful death of the five victims by fire, never again to behold each other this side the grave. During the heart rending spectacle of the separation of old neighbors, brothers, sisters, parents, husbands, wives and lovers, the Frazier family were to their own utter astonishment wholly left by themselves in a wigwam alone, but trembling with dread that their turn would soon come. Here they sat disconsolate on the ground, listening to the cries and last adieus of their friends, looking through the crevices of the hut, as one by one the victims of endless captivity were led away by their owners to the unknown wilds. In this condition it was natural for Frazier and his frightened wife, to anticipate the worst, scarcely doubting but themselves and three children were destined for some more awful calamity than had befallen the others. The calm which

them from the storm, was expected soon to break in a tempest on their defenceless heads.

While in this condition of suspense there came into the hut a tall but richly attired Indian, painted horribly, having all the accoutrements of death about him usually carried by an Indian warrior, a gun in his hand, the dreaded tomahawk and knife. The two last instruments were fastened to a belt of raw hide of panther skin about his waist, while there hung by a strap from his neck and shoulders the long crooked powder horn of the Indian hunter, and the pouch of bullets. Thus caparisoned, if we may so speak, the Indian made his appearance, having entered the hut without ceremony, and gazing with his bright and burning eyes upon the prisoners, said, as he extended his right hand to Frazier, in good round English—Mr. Frazier, I am happy to see you and yours thus far safe and sound. Here the man sprang to his feet, as well as his wife, crying out, in the name of the God of mercy who he could be to speak so well the language they never more expected to hear in that world of woods, and asking to be informed what their fate should be. Here the seeming Indian told them that he was not a native, but a Frenchman in the guise of a savage, and that he had bought him and his family of the Indians, and that this was the reason why they had been preserved from the fate of their fellow sufferers.

Here the two astounded prisoners fell to their knees, pouring out from the fulness of their souls a torrent of such eloquence as the Irish heart is capable of, directed both to God and the Frenchman, in such a way as the most acute grammarian would have been sadly puzzled to ascertain the being addressed, or to separate the words as to the parts of speech they belonged, whether verb, adverb, noun, pronoun, participle, masculine or feminine gender, singular or plural, adjective or disjunctive, conjunctive or neuter. As to the punctuation it would have been equally difficult, as whether it were a period, a colon, a semicolon, a comma, a hyphen or apostrophe, an asterisk or a quotation mark, all would have been equally as well in one place as another, while from their eyes there rolled the big tears of joy and thankfulness, denoting contrite minds, the grammar well understood in heaven.

All this time the Frenchman, an officer of high rank in the army, had with folded arms entered into the spirit of their devotion, for he too was weeping, as they saw when they became more calm, and had leisure to mark his countenance. He then took occasion to speak to them again by saying—and now in my turn, Mr. Frazier, I have a favor to ask of you. Here the surprise of the heart stricken couple was again excited as Frazier exclaimed, what could a poor prisoner like him be after doing to oblige his honor, springing here and there, and clapping his hands in token of his readiness to undertake its accomplishment, no matter how difficult the thing might be.

To this question he replied that he was not

only a Frenchman, but was in command under his majesty the king of the French, but that he was married, and that his wife was not far off there in the wilderness, and in such circumstances as would soon require the company and care of other persons than that of the aboriginal women of the woods: and indeed, he added, it is the God of Providence who has directed my steps to this place, by which means not only my precious wife will have the company of a Christian white woman in the hour of affliction, but we have been instrumental in rescuing a good man and his family from death or captivity. That dear one, his wife, he said, was then under the protection and in the hut of Alliquippa, queen of the Shenandoah Indians, whose residence was on the Monongahela river, a distance of some forty miles to the westward.

To this proposition Frazier instantly consented, as much to do something whereby his gratitude could be manifest, as to place himself and family in a condition of greater security. They immediately set forward; the Indians by whom they had been taken paying no manner of attention to their movements, traveling thro' the dense forest toward the dwelling of this queen of the wilderness, and men of the wilds, where in two or three days they arrived without harm or hindrance.

The Frenchman was known to the queen sachem, as in her hut there was his beautiful mate, who had mourned the absence of her husband in tears, lest some fatal accident should befall him and leave her alone among the Indians. On this account the good old royal squaw was nearly as happy as was the sweet lady of her care, at the return of her spouse. To this kind hearted woman the prisoner family were formally introduced, and withal she was informed from whence they came and by what means, who, in token of approbation and welcome, presented each of them, Frazier and his wife, with a string of beads, made of some kind of red berries, as hard as wood and about the size of a pea. It was not long ere the young and delicate spouse of the Frenchman, who, for love of her lord, had followed him to the heart of the wilds, became extremely attached to the wife of the Irishman, who from sympathy for the suffering lady, had entirely won her heart's best confidence, although the parties were of different nations, one a native of France and the other of Ireland.

A few days had passed by when the harrassed minds and worn down bodies of Frazier and his family had in a measure recovered their wonted vigor, under the care of Alliquippa and her tribe, when he began to look about the woods of that region, the domains of the Shenandoah Indians and their much loved queen. Frazier being of deeply industrious habits, and finding the land to be of the best quality, soon conceived the plan of building a log house, which should be of sufficient dimensions to accommodate not only his own family, but also that of the Frenchman's far better than the wigwam of her Shenandoah Majesty.

In the wanderings of Frazier he had found a lovely tract of alluvial land, situated at the

junction of Turtle creek with the Monongahela, and but a short distance from the dwelling of the queen. This plan he immediately communicated to his deliverer, who, approving of the undertaking, soon procured of Alliquippa, not only the privilege of erecting the house, but also a grant of a considerable tract of land round about, amounting to several hundred acres. Here the ambition of Frazier, though so far removed from civilized men, began to revive, as the beauty of the land given him, as well as the quantity, assured him of the possession of great wealth. On this account the felling of the trees to produce the house was immediately commenced, the Indians aiding him, as they had axes of the proper size and form, to execute this operation with, procured from Canada. The house was to be a log cabin, of the better sort, having two stories, with several rooms above and below, with two stacks of chimneys, besides the one in the kitchen behind the main body or front, so that abundance of room, bed rooms, &c. were to be realized in the erection of this house—a real palace of the log cabin character. The house was not long in being finished, on account of the great numbers employed, as the queen had desired her people to aid the pale face in his design, all they could. When it was ready, he removed into it, together with the Frenchman and his wife, the Indians bringing in from their hunts great plenty of venison and other provisions, consisting of wild fruits, roots, and succulent herbs, as well as fishes taken with the hook, so that there was no want of the means of good living; as salt, with other articles of luxury, were procured from the French traders among the Indians.

But they had not long enjoyed the comforts of the *great wigwam*, as the Indians called it, and the society of the affable Frenchman and his lady, when the latter breathed her last, in giving birth to their first child, a daughter. As soon as the mournful *obsequies* were ended, the now wretched father gave all the goods, which were contained in a couple of large trunks, brought into the wilderness, together with a heavy purse of gold, and the babe, to the family of Frazier, when the bereft husband abandoned himself wholly to inconsolable grief, on account of the death of his young and beautiful wife. Whole nights were spent in weeping beside the forest grave of her he loved, wholly refusing to be comforted. He ate no food, or but seldom tasted it, so that very soon he appeared to be losing his senses, to the consternation of Frazier, the queen, and the Indians. In a short time he wholly disappeared from the neighborhood, as he was seen no more to visit the tomb of the departed, when it was believed that he had gone distracted, and had died in the woods.

The sweet babe, so unexpectedly cast upon the hands of the family of Frazier, they determined to bring up as their own. It was a child of surpassing beauty, the skin and complexion being fairer if possible than a leaf of the white rose, while its symmetry of form promised, when matured by future years, to present a be-

ing of exquisite structure. The eyes of the babe were black, but of that sweet, brilliant, soul-speaking character, that thrilled the heart of the beholder. The hair of its head was also black, but was soft, long, and ringlet-like, although so young, presenting a child of the true French character, of the higher order of nature's fairest specimens. As its mother had died so suddenly, and the father had been so absorbed in his grief, and probable distraction, the infant had not been named. To do this, therefore, devolved upon the good Irish couple, and accordingly they called it Maria.

From the confusion and absorbing nature of the circumstances which had occupied the mind of Frazier during the short acquaintance he had with the father of the child, it never came into his mind to ask him what his name was, or if he did, the question was evaded; on which account the child took the name of its foster father, and was called Maria Frazier, the other children of the family being then too young to know the difference.

From this point of our story we hasten forward two or three years, during which time, by the friendship of Alliquippa, and the occasional assistance of her Indians, Gilbert Frazier had reduced from a wild and forest condition, so many acres of the lands of *Turtle creek* as made him a lovely farm there in the wilderness, full two hundred miles from the nearest settlements of the colonies. Here, in reality, the good hearted and industrious Irishman enjoyed the independence he sighed after, when at work on *shares* on the lands of another owner, at the forks of the Juniata; as the soil was his own, the title being derived from its first owner after God in the universe, queen Alliquippa, of the aborigines. As to the surplus, beyond the consumption of his own family wants, he could dispose of that, to the Indians, and to the many adventurous beings from Canada, who went up and down the great aboriginal thoroughfares of the Ohio, Monongahela, and Alleghany rivers, by which means he slowly became in reality a wealthy man, as the furs he received from the Indians the white traders would always purchase, by paying the cash; who in their turn trebled their money for such furs, in the great cities or towns of the colonies.

As to the security of Frazier, in relation to the Indians he had no concern, as all the tribes far and near had conceived for him and his family an unalterable friendship, on account of his honesty and philanthropy of character; for many a poor Indian of a cold and cheerless night had been fed and sheltered under the ample roof of the palace cabin of *Turtle creek*. On these accounts he was safe in peace or war. He had the entire good will of queen *Alliquippa*, as well as of king *Shingiss*, whose residence was on the Ohio, a few miles below that of the chief town of the *Shenandoah's*, who, as it was rumored among the Indians, was the lover of the queen; but as it happened, they were never married.

Full three years had now passed by from the time of the death of Maria's mother, when, on a certain day as the eldest son of Frazier,

whose name was *Patrick*, and then but a lad, had been searching for the cows in the woods, accidentally fell from a ledge of rocks, as he was scrambling along on its edge, down into a deep ravine, and broke one of his legs, above the ankle. Although Patrick was a stout hearted boy, what could he do but scream with all his might, when he found he could not get up, and that he was in awful pain. These cries, as it happened, were heard by an Indian hunter, who, hastening to the spot, found the boy in a most pitiful condition, crying and sobbing in great affliction. The Indian soothed him a little, and taking him in his arms carried him to the house of his father. As it happened, this same Indian was partially known to Frazier, for he had but a little time before seen him in the woods, more than once, yet did not know his name. But as his gratitude was now greatly excited, on account of the Indian's having brought Patrick out of the woods, and also because he had set the broken bone, as skillfully as a first rate surgeon, he made bold to inquire his name, while he invited him to make his house his home whenever he would. To this inquiry the Indian replied, that his name was *Tonnaleuka*, and that he was the great prophet of fifteen tribes, and that he had travelled over many countries of the pale faces, and knew far more than their wisest men. But as it related to the invitation Frazier had given him, to make his house his home, the prophet said that whenever he had occasion he would accept of the offer; but added, that he desired him to know, that he did not do so on the principle of receiving a compensation for doing the good act to his boy; as a good Indian, said he, will receive no return from men when they do right. From this time forward, however, the prophet was often seen at the house of the Irishman. He also soon began to cultivate an understanding with the children, winning their confidence and love by bringing them curious things from the woods, such as wild flowers, roots that were good to eat, live squirrels, beautiful feathers, and berries of the mountains. He also would amuse them by relating wonderful tales of the far off wilderness, and deep waters of the lakes. The two little girls, Maria and Nancy, were often found on his knee; when at one particular time he drew from his bosom several little pictured books, highly colored, which he said he got in Canada, among the white people. These were very wonderful in the eyes of the children. Out of them he immediately began to point to the letters of the Roman or English alphabet, for, strange to relate, this Indian in early life had received not only a common, but even a liberal education, from the kindness of a certain gentleman who took a great fancy to him when young; the story of which, in its place, we shall relate. All this, however, was the secret of his own bosom, a thing of which even the Indians knew nothing.

From teaching the children to know the alphabet, as he had time during his visits, he led them on to spelling the words, and soon to reading itself. This act of the wonderful prophet was in the eyes of Frazier a mighty deed,

because ere he knew it, his girls could read in the holy Bible. Great, therefore, was his joy on this account, and amazingly was the Indian admired by the family of Frazier, as, without this intervention, they would have grown up in entire ignorance of all that was wise and good, as that himself nor wife had either the skill or time to educate their little ones.

But, as it is almost always the case, where there are several children in a family, there is some one that is more a favorite than the rest, thus it proved in this; for the prophet had selected *Maria*, her beauty and great vivacity of mind being at least *one* cause, wherefore that child was oftener seen on his knee; but by no means did he on this account neglect the others, till he had brought them to a sufficient acquaintance with reading, as well as writing, to answer the common purposes of life.

But for *Maria* he appeared desirous of doing more than this: for in the course of some ten years, as he had time, he only had instructed her in English, but also in French and Latin, and had procured books from among the whites of the most approved and valued authors, of history, theology, philosophy, manners, customs, poetry, and refined literature; so that, in a word, she was, by the time she had reached her sixteenth year, a well bred and accomplished lady, all except the privilege of forming her manners after the models of refined society. Her manners, therefore, were more like those of Eve of Paradise, before she sinned, simple, rational, unaffected and elegant—the result of the prompting of the angel within her bosom.

Thus her mind, by the aid of the sage and mysterious Tonnaleuka, was introduced to a fund of intellectual happiness there in the wilderness, where she could see nor listen to no higher order of human beings than the Indians, and the almost equally ignorant and rude traders. On this account she had learned to esteem the prophet almost equally with her own father, and in some respects far more, and yet she did not derogate a particle in her love of her parents, as it relates to a certain deep feeling, always burning in the centre of a good child's heart, whenever they look upon the authors of their being, as that same deep feeling will always whisper—*these are my parents*.

Next to Tonnaleuka and her supposed father and mother, Maria loved queen Alliquippa, as her kind hearted majesty had always expressed the greatest affection toward the daughter of the unfortunate lady who had expired in her sight in the white man's wigwam. But of this occurrence she had never spoken, having been desired by Frazier not to do so, as such a knowledge could but distress Maria, without in any way doing her good.

But time, on his rapid wing had borne Maria onward with all things else, to her sixteenth year, and presented to the gaze of admiring beholders, whether of Indians or white men, a female of the most attracting and heart cheering description. That the reader may have some vague idea of her personal appearance, we give the following description pre-

sented in the reminiscences of those times: As to Maria's manners—if modesty without coldness, delicacy without affectation, affability without obtrusiveness, liveliness without pertness—if easy dignity and attentive complaisance, can be pleasing, hers were eminently so. Her person was elegantly proportioned; inclining as some, perhaps, might think rather to the slender, or nymph-like form than otherwise; but at the same time displaying solidity and fulness enough to indicate a healthy and sound constitution. Her motions and gestures were naturally flowing, and harmonious, easy and elegant, yet inclining to timidity, diffusing throughout her whole modus operandi of action, an indescribable sweetness, as if nature had bestowed upon this one being, her accumulated powers of happy formation. As to the charms of her countenance, they were so full of that magical attraction sometimes called inexpressible, the impression of which no iciness of heart can resist, that it is impossible to depict them justly. A mere delineation of her exquisitely formed features and surpassing complexion, when she had reached the interesting age of seventeen—an account of the bright expression of her spirit-kindling black eyes, shaded with rich silken eye-lashes, and surmounted by a white and polished forehead; of the damask bloom of her cheeks, of the coral of her lips, and the richness of the dark ringlets of her hair profusely flowing round her temples, snowy neck and shoulders—would afford but a faint idea of the all conquering loveliness of this sweet flower of the wilderness. All these beauties deriving their principal touches from the soul-speaking intelligence, from that living lustre of mind, that glowing of sweet sensibility and benevolence, which characterized her whole countenance and attitudes to a wonderful degree, causing her to be the delight and admiration of all beholders, such an one as heaven itself seemed interested to produce and make perfect.

During all this time, up from the days of infancy, Maria Frazier, as she supposed herself to be, never had a doubt or a thought but she was truly the child of the Irishman and his wife; although she could but see that there was no likeness between herself and her sister Nancy, or a feature that favored either father or mother, and yet so little importance had she attached to the circumstance of her beauty, that no thoughts of the subject of her dissimilarity to the other members of the family had occupied her mind. But on this subject Maria was destined soon to receive a dreadful shock, in which she was to make the awful discovery of her complete orphanage. She had always been the peculiar favorite of the queen Alliquippa, in whose hut she had spent many a day, so that the Indian tongue had become as familiar as her own native English. On this account as well as many others, the queen had set her heart upon Maria, and as she had no heir to inherit her regal honors, and had now become aged, the thought had arisen in her mind of making Maria the queen Sachem of her tribe by adoption, a greater favor she knew

not how to confer. This mighty offer which was to make a squaw of Maria, the good queen in all the anticipated joy of conferring an inestimable favor upon one she loved, was made in conscious dignity and sweet sincerity. But what was her strange surprise, when on its announcement, which would have caused the daughter of the most renowned warrior of her tribe to leap for joy and to utter the yell of triumph, there was seen in the countenance of the sweet pale face no such answering demonstrations of happiness. Well did Maria know and well did she appreciate the holy feelings of Alliquippa, and yet she could but object. This she did in the best manner her ingenious mind could invent at the moment, by urging that her blood, complexion, manner of education and all, could not be acceptable to the Indians. Besides this, how could she forsake her parents and become an Indian, changing entirely her mode and manners of life. Alliquippa not being willing to relinquish her heart's desire in this matter, held up to her view the glory of securing the reverence of a race of warriors and of being sought in love by kings and royal sachems of the wilderness; and as if she should now certainly prevail, the queen told Maria simply and clearly (although she had been requested not to do so) that she was not the daughter of Gilbert Frazier and his wife, any more than I am, said Alliquippa. Your mother died when you was born, she continued; your father fled into the wilderness; and has long ago departed to the land of spirits, or the happy hunting grounds of the good Indians far away in the west.

The queen had no sooner uttered this strange news to the ears of the astonished Maria, than her countenance became deadly pale, and she was seen falling to the ground, as if struck with death, for she had fainted; the dreadful tidings had proved too severe for the fortitude of her nature. It was Alliquippa's turn now to be alarmed, for she thought her favorite was dead and that it was herself who had occasioned it. In a moment the voice of the queen was heard screaming for help, calling upon the Manito in her grief to save her child. The Indians hearing the outcry, soon filled the royal hut, asking to know what had happened. Maria soon recovered, and by a mighty effort of which the great in mind are only capable, was directly calm and composed, or apparently so. Her recovery reassured the queen, as she supposed for the moment, that the beautiful pale face had gone to the heaven of her fathers. After this occurrence Alliquippa spoke no more of Maria's becoming the heir of her Indian honors, and appeared satisfied with the love and company of the white flower of the wilderness. The moment Maria had arrived at home, after taking leave of the queen, she related the whole story to her supposed mother, who in her native honesty at once confirmed Alliquippa's narrative. From that hour forth the words of the queen never forsook her memory, nor the story of the uncertainty of her father's fate, and the untimely death of her beautiful and lady-like mother, whose place of burial now be-

came a secret and sweet resort for the wandering feet of the unhappy orphan.

On account of these things a change had passed over the manners of the hitherto light-hearted girl. A certain species of gloom beclouded her mind, which to those who had known her before, it was easily perceivable that something had taken place to disturb her peace. The prophet had been at the time this happened already absent several months, but almost immediately returned. There was great joy on his arrival, as there was none like Ton-naleuka in the estimation of the Frazier family. It was not long ere he perceived that the heart of his Maria was not at rest. This he mentioned to her, and enquired the cause, when in the most unreserved manner she told him all. At this strange intelligence even the well regulated mind of the prophet seemed much distressed, but soon recovered himself, by resorting to his philosophy for comfort both for himself and Maria. He spoke to her of all the happy circumstances of her situation, although she was an orphan, such as the entire love of her supposed parents, Gilbert Frazier and his wife, the personal comforts she enjoyed, and withal assuring her of the protection of the great Spirit, and lastly of his own unalterable love, as the child of his heart's adoption, although he was but a red man of the wilderness.

At this point of our history we will inform the reader that in the city of Philadelphia an occurrence took place which was to exert an influence over the destinies of the orphan of the utmost importance. In consequence of a certain grant of lands about the head waters of the Ohio, made to certain noblemen, by George III., there was formed by the parties concerned, a company which was called "*the Ohio Fur Company*." This association was formed in the year 1750. At the same time the French also claimed the same region of country, and made proclamation that they would resist any attempts of the British to settle it. These respective claimants occasioned the sending out of exploring parties to examine the land, to conciliate the Indians and to secure their trade in furs. On the part of the English in the year 1752, it was resolved to send a company to take formal possession of that region in the name of their king, and to erect a fort for a defence against enemies, and the protection of friends. Among those who were foremost in the formation of the Ohio fur Company was one Thomas Adderly, Esq., of the then small city of Philadelphia, who but a few years before had emigrated from Ireland, a portionless and a disinherited young man, because he had married a beautiful but poor girl. His application to business in the new world, as a merchant, however, had made him even richer than the patrimony of his father could have done.

This Thomas Adderly had an only son whose name was Charles, and had been sent to Europe to be educated, and to make the tour of the Continent for his further improvement, as the son of a rich father in America. All this had been accomplished and Charles just then

had arrived in his native city, at the very juncture of the formation of this Company. The young Mr. Adderly being extremely anxious to explore the western wilderness, in order to learn the character of the western Indians, made application and through the influence of his father became the captain of the expedition. Charles Adderly was a gentleman in the prime of manly beauty, then twenty-two years old, a handsome and gallant young man as any could wish to behold. His stature wanted but a fraction of six feet in height. His features were well formed and highly expressive, glowing with benevolence and good nature, yet there was not wanting certain lineaments of countenance which, if the occasion required, could be easily moulded into severity of the most determined character. His complexion was of the florid cast, blending in a masterly manner the white and red, which is characteristic of the Irish. His eyes were dark, intelligent, and penetrating, lighting up at times with a vividness as the passions varied, or thought glanced from one object to another, with a strength and force overpowering and resistless, whether beaming with delight or flashing the fires of anger. His hair was black, and somewhat curled, as well as full and luxuriant. His whole frame was well modeled, firmly put together, and justly proportioned, being upon the whole a man well calculated to inspire respect, and almost awe, by all who might look upon him. His motions were full, dignified and decisive, yet such as could be easily cast into the most conciliating modes of action. Such was the man who was the leader of the first company that ever visited the distant wilds west of the frontiers of Pennsylvania. The company consisted of some twenty-five persons, with as many stout horses to carry their provisions, ammunition, axes, saws, augers, hammers and tools of every necessary description, as well as some merchandise for the Indians. They were all strong and courageous men, accustomed to exercise and the use of arms, with which they were abundantly equipped, as was necessary to compete with the difficulties of so dangerous an expedition.

It was in August when they left the last vestige of civilization, and was some time before they came to the foot of what is now called the South mountain, in the county of Franklin, Penn. This mountain they found extremely difficult of ascent, on account of its steepness, its ledges and forests. After mastering this, they descended into the great plain, where Chambersburgh is now situated. Here on account of the fatigued condition of both men and horses, they rested a few days, giving themselves over to the pleasures of wilderness scenery and occasional hunting. Deer were found in abundance; bears were plenty; panthers were often heard to scream, in fearful proximity, amid the silent watches of the night, as well as the tempest yells of whole gangs of wolves. The elk, king of the deer tribes, were seen in flocks. Innumerable fowls filled the wilderness, among which we may name the wild turkey, known only in America.

After leaving that delectable region they soon encountered the still more rugged range called the Cove mountains, which run along between Franklin and Bedford counties, in the same state. From these they descended to the more level country, where the place now known by the name of McConnell's town is situated. Here they again halted, and again renewed the pleasures of the hunt and wilderness recreation.

In this manner, in the course of about six weeks, after overcoming many of the terrible mountain ranges, they arrived safely at an Indian town called Schenapins, at the head of the Ohio, where Pittsburgh now rears its smoky spires. The Shenandoah or Schenapin Indians, were a tribe of the Delawares, who then occupied this spot, now so important to the west. These Indians, over whom reigned king Shingiss, were of the same origin with the Indians or tribe of queen Alliquippa, whose residence was above the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela, near to the place where Turtle creek unites with the latter, and as the Indians reported, Shingiss was Alliquippa's lover.

Adderly had in his company a man by the name of Ridgely, who understood several of the Indian tongues, and acted as interpreter between the whites and the natives. In this way the good will of Shingiss and his warriors was soon propitiated by the skill of captain Adderly, who bestowed upon them many gifts, and especially upon the great chief, consisting of brass rings, penknives, small looking-glasses, tobacco boxes, glass beads, of red, blue, green and white, and other trinkets, such as an Indian eye delights to look upon. But all this was done not without its direct object, which was to obtain not only the friendship of these Indians, but also to be allowed to erect a fort somewhere in that region, as a place of defence as well as of deposit. This project was reciprocated by Shingiss, when Adderly proceeded immediately to its execution. The spot selected for this fort was at the confluence of Chariters creek with the Ohio, on the south side of that river, where there was a favorable spot of highland, overlooking the channel for a considerable distance up and down, as well as the country around. He also procured the co-operation of that Chief's warriors, both in aiding to erect the fort, and their defensive protection in case of danger.

All things ready, a good understanding between the whites and the natives, they commenced the building of the fort with rapidity and despatch. The work went merrily on, the Indians whooping and the white men singing, and alternately laughing at what they respectively saw in each other, that was odd, new or strange. But these happy hours were doomed to come to a sudden end, for they had progressed in the work a few days only, when as one of the men, one Peter McFall, was busy in hewing a stick which he had felled some distance from the site of the fort, he saw a deer not far distant, offering his antlered head as a mark for McFall's rifle. In a moment he let fall his axe, and seizing the fatal weapon which was at hand, newly charged and leaning

against a tree, he made for the deer, as he was desirous of getting a little nearer if possible, ere he should make a shot. But as he crept along to secure this advantage, being extremely anxious to kill the deer, he came close to the edge of the bank of the river, when just under him he heard the voices of men in low conversation, which in an instant he knew were not men of his party, and in a measure frightened him. In this dilemma the deer was forgotten in his anxiety to find out who they were and what their business was. In order to do this it was necessary for him to get a little nearer, so that he could not only hear but see them. This he accomplished, and found them to be two Frenchmen, and that their conversation was about the English and the fort they were building, as McFall understood the language, though an Irishman.

About twenty miles from Chariters creek the French already had a fort, which was called *Le Bœuf*, to which place by some means, no doubt an Indian, the news had arrived, respecting the operations at Chariters creek, and these two men had been sent out as spies upon it. When McFall had listened to their conversation about twenty minutes, he attempted to withdraw in silence, and to hasten to Adderly with an account of his discovery. But in doing this, and burning with ardor, he trod on a dry stick, which broke, and surprised the two men below. Instantly they sprang to the top of the bank, to learn the cause, when they saw McFall on the full run, to make good his retreat. But as he had not as yet gained but a few rods distance from that spot of danger, the two spies sent each a rifle bullet in chase of him. These little fellows being too spry for Peter, soon went by him, one passing through the skirt of his coat, and the other the crown of his hat, just above the top of his head, cutting away the hair, but neither of them tasted the blood of the hero. In a moment McFall remembered that his rifle was charged, and knowing also that the guns of his pursuers were not, it came into his mind remarkably quick, that it was his turn now to answer the salute. Accordingly he wheeled; his eye glanced along the dingy tube, till he found it in a direct line with one of them, when his finger touched the fatal spring, and the messenger of death had done its work in the heart of the one selected, ere the sharp ring of the rifle was heard on the air, as the flash of the calibre was seen.

In a few moments McFall was at the fort, all heated and breathless, his hat and coat badly wounded, when he informed his captain of all that had happened. From these signs, it was evident that an enemy was near, which threw Adderly and his men into great disorder, as the fort was far from complete. A council of war was called, when it was advised that a hasty picket should be placed around the but half finished building of logs, and that king Shingiss should be requested with his warriors to assist them in case of an attack, and that they would do their best to repel the foe. But the council had barely broken up, and the Indians who were there, assisting the whites to carry for-

ward the work, had gone out to gather the warriors, and to be ready if needed, when the yell of the friendly Indians announced that an enemy was near, and that the woods were alive with *Chippewa* Indians, the known allies of the French.

At this time there were but few of Shingiss' warriors at home, as they were out on a hunt. Assistance, therefore, from that quarter was not to be expected, except from a few only. The Americans immediately took shelter behind their picket, and within the enclosure of the logs of the intended fort, which were raised but a little above their heads. They had scarcely accomplished this, when, from every direction, the bullets of the enemy whistled through the forest, concentrating in a stream of burning lead to one single point, and that point was the handful of men huddled together in the miserable defense, under the care and command of the cool and intrepid Adderly.

But as the Indians soon discovered that the object of attack was but a handful, and that they were cooped up as it were in a sheep-pen, they grew bolder, gathering round, nearer and still nearer, dodging as they did so behind the trees, which in the place were both large and plenty. In the mean time, the little half finished fort threw forth flames and bullets, as if it were a newly exploding volcano, mowing down the half naked Indians almost in winrows. By their motions it was evident that they contemplated a *rush* upon the fort, for the purpose of taking as many of the Americans alive as was possible for the works of torture. Adderly perceiving this, and not caring to be captured, ordered his men to charge them with the bayonet, intending, if possible, to cut their way through and escape. In this attempt Adderly, as was proper, led the van, his men, such as were alive, following. This was a fearful onset, and many was the Indian who in a twinkling was transfixed. But as their numbers were fifty to one of the white men, the Indians made a universal rush of it, singling out a victim, and then seizing him by as many hands as could get hold of him. In this struggle, there fell nearly half of Adderly's men, while the residue were taken prisoners. At the moment of the attempt of Adderly to cut his way through the gathering circles of the enemy, he saw in an instant how the matter was going, and sprang to a tree, and placing his back against it fought there with his sword, which was a long and heavy cutlass, mowing down the Indians, as they rushed upon him to seize him with their hands, as they had the other prisoners.

It was an easy matter, had the Indians been minded to accomplish it, for them to have ridled him with bullets. But they were intent upon taking him alive, and Adderly was equally determined that they should not, if he had to fight there till his arm fell from his shoulder, or not an Indian was left alive, if *that* was the game to be played. Every clip he made, and those were swift and terrible, *there* fell an Indian, or slew an arm, a head, or a severed body, as the sword was as sharp as a new ground

scythe, before which the Indians were as grass, and Adderly the mower.

Now in the midst of the fray, while each Indian became more and more determined to take the dreadful captain, no matter how many fell in the attempt, there came rushing from a distance, in great fury, a single warrior, of Herculean size, who, as he came on with the bound of a Bengal tiger, gave a yell. In a moment all the Indians gave back, as *that* yell was the word of command for them to desist—for this was the mighty *Carawissa*, the chief of the Chippewas, who at a glance gave his Indians to understand that he alone would kill the terrible pale face.

In the mean time, Adderly stood firm to his tree, waiting to see the event. The mighty Indian paused but an instant, merely to scrutinize his man, and to meditate for a brief moment some mode of attack which should put them on equal terms for the precious life. The truly heroic chief saw that the die he was about to cast was a high one, and that it was for death or victory; for there lay the mutilated bodies of many an Indian, who had fallen by the sword of the white captain. In that decisive moment, *Carawissa* saw painted on an arch of glory, which flitted athwart his imagination, an additional halo of honor to his already great name, among the tribes, if he could but kill the man before him, while the fire of his eye kindled, like the flashes of a half burnt fire when the brands fall inward.

On the part of *Adderly*, it was apprehended that the struggle would be a hard one, yet he knew no fear. If he killed the Indian, he should rid the world of a scourge to the whites, but if the Indian killed him, he should die by the hand of a hero, whether there was consolation in such a thought or not.

These thoughts had passed their minds respectively, in a moment, as it were, for the savage was soon upon him. *Carawissa*, though an untutored Indian, was a true hearted knight, after the manner of ancient chivalry, for when he saw the white man fought with nothing but a sword, he cast his gun, knife and hatchet to the ground, and seizing a sword which had been used by the arm of *Ridgely*, the interpreter before mentioned, who lay then in the agonies of death, not far from the tree of *Adderly*, and sprang to the contest, determined to have it said that he killed the white captain on equal terms of contest.

But *Adderly* also, being of the chivalric turn of mind, and every whit a hero, seeing what the Indian had done, in casting away his own arms, the gun in particular, he disdained to make the tree his shelter; accordingly he sprang out over the heaps of the dead, into a clear place, when in a moment they were in deadly strife, each contemplating no half way work. The conflict was terrible, for so incessant were the furious strokes of the Herculean savage with the strange weapon, using it much as one would a whip to kill a snake, that *Adderly* found it extremely difficult to parry the blows, although an *educated* swordsman, so rapid were the strokes of the Indian, and from

all directions, for he flew here and there, as if possessed of an internal spirit, yelling frightfully at every leap. *Adderly* finding himself getting out of breath, and that he should ultimately fail in the strange contest, for as yet he had not had one clip at his antagonist, bethought himself of a stratagem, which, if it failed it could make no difference, for whether he killed *Carawissa* or not, death was his own portion, either by the hand of the Indian, or by torture if he even should conquer. On these accounts, he had made up his mind to attempt the stratagem, which, had he been contending with a practised swordsman, he would not have dared to do. But as it was, he had become desperate; when, as a panther, he sprang in upon the prey, with a quick and almost sightless motion, and caught the blade of the Indian's sword firm in his left hand, when with the right he drove his own sword quite through the immense body of his foe, who fell wallowing in the blood of his own heart, as it spouted forth like water from an engine, so broad was the road which the sword of *Adderly* had cut for itself through the heaving lungs of the *Chippewa* chief. [*See plate.*]

The instant he fell, *Adderly* was seized by as many hands as could get hold of him, while the awful death-yell rang horribly through all the woods. He was now tied, and by the multitude snaked along on the ground, over brush, logs and quagmire, with eleven other prisoners, to a suitable place, to be judged and burnt; all the rest, who had fallen in the action, being left there on the earth, unburied forever.

This terrible and unexpected onset of the Indians upon the company of *Adderly* had been conducted by three French officers from fort *Le Bauf*, who, when the council of chiefs sat to deliberate which of the prisoners should be put to the torture by fire, had exerted themselves and their influence in favor of the victims, to that degree that there were but three selected for so awful an end. The French were opposed to their burning any of them, but so vehemently did the chiefs contend for the custom, in this respect, of their fathers, alleging that the delight of the departed friends who had fallen in battle would be greatly increased in the happy hunting grounds, were they to show *this* testimony of their love and regard, that they were obliged to yield to them.

On this subject there were several speeches made by the chiefs, in which all the powers of Indian eloquence were exerted, by appeals to the passions, and, above all, to the darling passion of savages, that of revenge, as well as to their religious superstitions; yet so adroitly did the Frenchmen manage the matter, that they saved Capt. *Adderly* from being included in the condemned number.

In this council there was observed an aged chief, who had taken no part in the deliberations, and had kept aloof in sad and gloomy silence; but the moment he found that the prisoner *Adderly* was not among the number to be burnt, he sprang to his feet, from where he had been crouching down, a little removed from the main body, in a condition and with



such attitudes of rage and fury, that the very Indians were startled with surprise, at what this could mean. His eyes rolled in blood-shot wrath; his teeth gnashed like those of a hyena, guarding its prey; every vein of his aged but gigantic body was swollen with angry blood, as he stared upon the unflinching countenance of the captain. This was *Carawoona*, the father of the heroic chief who had fallen by the hand of Adderly, who now had risen in the council to plead for the execution of the slayer of his son.

He stated that it was impossible for the ghost of his son to rest, except the blood of the slayer was offered to his manes. He said that this was the man who had led the battle, and who had come from a very far country to invade and make inroads upon their ancient hunting grounds and the graves of their fathers, and that yonder lay the dead—their friends and brothers—all slain by that man's means. "Brothers! (he cried) it cannot be but that you will unite with me in the death of this pale face, as is just and right, although the French now present think otherwise. What do they know of our feelings, our customs or religion, that they should influence and dictate us in matters like this?" He said that he was willing to release all the other prisoners already condemned, as of no importance, if but this *one* man could be burnt in his sight. Thus plead the aged but angry Indian, in the ears of men who could appreciate his feelings, and he prevailed; for in a moment the seven chiefs who were present, and five hundred savages, rose to their feet, and brandishing their tomahawks, with horrid yells and gestures, proceeded to prepare the stake and fuel for the destruction of the prisoner. The Frenchmen saw that the die was cast, and that resistance or remonstrance could avail nothing, gave to Adderly the parting hand, a sigh of condolence, and retired to a distance, as they could not bear to witness the awful ceremony.

Of these preparations, Carawoona took the lead, and was to preside during the agonies of the prisoner's departure, while aided by a certain number of the most ferocious of his fellows. It were a useless attempt, should we undertake to describe the horror of Adderly's mind at this unexpected turn in his affairs; for who can depict the sensations of one condemned to *such* a death? Even the *spirit*, were it to return and seize upon human language, could not do it; for mortal expressions are unequal to *such* an exhibition.

The work of preparation went nimbly on, the dry wood gathered, the pine splinters sharpened; heated ram-rods were made ready, hot ashes were prepared, with all the tools of terror and execution. Adderly was now undressed and led to the stake, his back placed there-to, with his hands tied high above his head, ready for his exit to another world. His soul he had commended to his Creator, through the name of one who is dear to all, in the hour of extremity.

Already, Carawoona had in his hand a flambeau of yellow birch bark, wherewith to light

the pile, which was laid at the feet of the victim. The Indians stood in silence, awaiting the signal from an aged chief to commence the torture, when from a distance there was heard the sharp yell of a straggling Indian, which, from the peculiar note, well understood by the natives, was known to be a note of joy, as if some great personage of their race was approaching. In a moment the air rang with the name of Tonnaleuka! the Prophet! the Prophet! Charles opening his eyes, which had been closed in prayer, saw immediately in front of him, a tall, powerful Indian, rapidly descending a hill, who in a few seconds arrived in the midst. The seven chiefs turned, and saluting him said, in the Indian tongue, *Welcome*, messenger of God. He now let fall from off his right shoulder, the open folds of a rich buffalo robe, baring his right arm and bosom, and at the same time extending the *awful wand* of his prophetic and supernatural authority toward heaven, directly over the head of Carawoona, with his fearful eye glaring upon the person of the bloody chief, as if he would look him through; when he said, in a deep and authoritative voice, in the Indian tongue, "Carawoona, I am sent to talk with *you*. The Great Spirit, whom we worship, knows all things. He knows what you have decided to do this day. *He* it was who sent and guided me to this place. There appeared to me a good spirit, sent by the *Manito*, and told me of your proceedings, the proof of which is, that I have found you, and know all you have done, though, as you all know, I was not here. The Great Spirit is angry, and says he has use for this pale face, and that he must be given to me." [See plate.]

Here the fearful wand, which was a long hickory rod, mysteriously painted, wound round and ornamented with a variety of rich feathers, *red, yellow, and blue*, was waved in a zigzag, quick, and tremulous motion, like the quivering of the lightnings on an angry cloud; in the hand of the prophet, as he said; "Warriors, unbind the prisoner; and let him resist who dare, and Manito's thunders shall chase him as a frightened deer, down to darkness."

On hearing this command, one of the chiefs, to whom the prophet had glanced an eye, rose slowly, went to the stake and cut the prisoner loose, while Carawoona, like one chained to a rock, stood in a maze. The prophet having said "*dress him*," it was done; when he turned on his heel, with all the dignity of his character, simply beckoning the young man to follow, when they slowly disappeared in the forest.

This accomplished, and although the prophet and the rescued one had retired in a slow and fearless manner while in view of the Indians, yet they had no sooner reached the point where they lost sight of each other, than Tonnaleuka, who was well aware of Carawoona's implacable and rancorous disposition, thought proper to let out a link in his motions, and accordingly set off on a full and rapid Indian lope. He knew full well that the father of Carawoona



would never rest till the man who had killed his son was no more.

It was afterwards known by the means of a white man, namely, Paddy Frazier, who was there and saw the whole transaction, that no sooner had the prophet disappeared, than Carawoona awoke from the common dread of the prophet, and saw that his victim was gone, gave a dreadful yell and disappeared in the direction he and the prisoner had gone, in pursuit, as the Indians said with terror, to be revenged. But the prophet was as wily as was Carawoona, who, therefore, as soon as he was fairly out of sight, changed his course, running on for about an hour, and then again in some other direction for the same length of time, thus eluding the pursuer, if any there was. In about three hours they came upon the Monongahela river, about six miles above Chenapin's town, now Pittsburgh. Here they entered the hut of an Indian, who received the prophet with great reverence and respect. Tonnaleuka immediately requested refreshments, in the Indian tongue, which, while it was preparing, he disappeared in the forest, beckoning Adderly to follow him, to whom as yet he had spoken not a word since they had left the Chippewa Camp. The prophet led off into a dark and tangled ravine some distance from the hut, where to the boundless astonishment of Charles, Tonnaleuka the prophet, looking him in the face, addressed him in good English, saying, my son, let us worship the Great Father, and thank him through his Son for your deliverance; when they both dropped to their knees, the Indian pouring out his heart in a simple but eloquent prayer, giving thanks for all mercies, but especially for the late goodness, in the rescue of the young man from death, and a death so horrible. When they arose, Charles seized him by the hand, saying, Father, permit me to ask thee who thou art, whom that holy God we have just now united to worship, has made an instrument to save my life. My son, he replied, I am a man who has borne much grief; my brothers wage bloody wars; I go from tribe to tribe to make peace. I have traveled much in many countries, and under peculiar circumstances; have received a liberal education; but this my brothers the Indians know nothing of, or my power to do them good would be at an end, as they think it all from the Manito. But my son, he added, I wish you to enquire no further respecting myself, as I do not desire to repulse questions which to you may appear reasonable to ask, but let it suffice when I inform you that I am no juggler, though known only as Tonnaleuka the prophet, among my brethren, the Indians.

He now asked the young man his name, where he lived, and what he desired to do. This he complied with, stating that Philadelphia was his residence; gave an account of his parentage, education, and the outfitting of the Ohio Fur Company, and of his being its captain; expressing his desire to return now that all was lost, yet without any fault of his that he was conscious of. My son, said the prophet, I approve of your purpose, but as the distance is all of two

hundred miles, through nearly an entire wilderness, you will find it an extremely dangerous undertaking to execute alone. But, said he, I will assist you, as you are not safe in the country, on account of Carawoona, the father of the Indian Chief you killed at Chariten creek, who is now in pursuit to take your life. And as I have business to transact with some of the tribes, I can go no further with you. You will remain, therefore, at this hut, during the coming night, when in the morning you will be furnished with a rifle, ammunition and provisions, and will proceed to hide yourself with a friend I have, who lives a few miles from here up this river, at the forks, or the union of Turtle creek with the Monongahela. But beware of Carawoona; he will kill you if he can; he is implacable. I shall watch his motions and do all that is possible to prevent the Chippewas assisting him in the pursuit.

They now returned to the hut, partook of the repast, and separated; Tonnaleuka departing for the Chippewas, while Adderly went to his rest in the wigwam of the hospitable Indian. That night our hero slept soundly, as he had been long without repose, and having passed through scenes the most trying, both to the physical as well as the mental powers, rejoiced as he reclined on a bed of panther, bear and wolf skins, more free from care and the fear of death. In the morning he arose refreshed, partook of the hospitalities of the friendly native, and then addressed himself to his gloomy journey. It was a difficult route he had to pursue, as it lay through a dense and tangled forest, intersected at short intervals by deep ravines, cut into the earth by the small runs of the wilderness.

It was some time in the afternoon ere he came to the neighborhood of his destination, which he knew by certain signs described by Tonnaleuka. He had come into a grove of the rock maple, growing on the uplands, where, under the shadow of one of those trees, thickly surrounded by the smaller foliage, it suited his feelings to rest awhile, much occupied in his mind respecting the white man, whom the prophet had called his friend, and to whom he was now wending his way for protection. On this subject he had made up his mind that he was some scape gallow, who had fled from justice, had married a squaw, and was doubtless living like an Indian there in the woods. But as he sat here in the midst of his cogitations, he thought he distinguished on the softly moving winds the sound of voices. In a second or two he was sure that he was not mistaken. He now cast a look about him to ascertain whether he was sufficiently hidden, should the cause of what he had heard come very near to his hiding place. This ascertained to his satisfaction, he remained in silence, when in a minute or so there passed by but a little distance from his tree, two young ladies dressed in white, who were deeply engaged in some all absorbing conversation, uttered in the English language. The voices thus discoursing, especially one of them, to Adderly's ear, sounded like the imagined music of angels when they converse

together. This imagination was no doubt occasioned in part by his having listened to no sweeter sounds made by human lips than the rough voices of men, and the yells of Indians, for a long time before. His astonishment was almost boundless at the discovery, for he said to himself, there are no white people in this region of endless forest but the vagabond to whose wigwam I am now directing my steps, leaving a strange sensation on his mind, as if he had seen a vision. But it could be no vision, said Adderly, for the sound of their feet was distinct on the leaves, and besides the words were plain to my ears, and more strange than all the rest, their conversation he found was respecting himself.

Said one of them, "it was indeed a noble, a holy proceeding, worthy of Tonnaleuka, whose whole pleasure is in doing good." This he perceived, for they had stopped a moment very near him to gather some kind of berry, was spoken by the one which his eye had ascertained to be by far the most beautiful of the two. To this remark her companion replied, "and Paddy says that the prisoner was one of the best looking young men he has ever seen. I hope, she continued, that Carawoona will not find him." "A good Providence," said the other, "will protect him, for that God who afforded him such a timely rescue is also able, and I do trust that he will be willing yet to extend over him his shield of safety." As she pronounced these words, which were evidently spoken on his account, and were said in a voice and with accents so modulated and thrilling, that Adderly drank in the sounds as the sweetest and most precious which had ever visited his hearing from the lips of a woman; and more than this, the soul intoxicating persuasion went with those words, that himself was the object pointed out, and that he had an interest in the heart of that almost superhuman being, altho' as yet she had never seen him. On making this discovery, so violent was the rush of gratitude, and not of gratitude alone, but of love, impetuous love, through his heart, that he was prevented only by a profound feeling of awe, from rushing to her feet, to pour out in such language as the highest and holiest feeling of human nature can prompt, his deep admiration of a being so lovely.

Having as well as he could, suppressed this impulse of presumption, or shall we call it premature ardor, he gradually left his place of concealment, as they had now passed on, and in a stealthy manner followed their steps. It was but a minute or so, when they descended a steep bank down to a vale of the alluvial, covered with the wild verdure of the ground, and were immediately out of sight. But as he was hastening forward, if possible to catch another glimpse of the sweet vision, intending not to lose sight of them, he came suddenly in view of a most romantic valley beneath him, through which meandered a lovely brook, seeking to be wedded with Turtle creek and the Monongahela, whose waters were heard in the distance as they came dancing along the pebbly shores from the mountains of the west. Here

in this sweet vale was a beautifully cultivated farm, with its high log fences, orchard and meadows, its fields of stubble from whence the wheat had been already reaped, and corn dismantled of its top gallants, running in many a row the width and length of several lots; richly laden with the half naked ears, while in the midst stood the rural palace of the wilderness, made of logs, the same of which we have before spoken. At this unexpected sight he paused a moment, as there ran through his senses the congenial feeling of civilization, while in view there were grazing sheep, kine and horses, the tokens that man was lord of this lower creation, in the subjugation of animals, according to the grant of God in paradise when he said to man, have dominion.

By this time the fair object of his desires had emerged from beyond some trees, as she with her companion were threading the winding of a lane toward the house. He now hastened after them, but in a few minutes saw that he had come suddenly upon two men, who were at work in a field, just round the point of a hill, the one he had just descended. A further pursuit of the ladies was now at an end, for the laborers looked up from their work when Adderly bent his steps from the path toward them, who stared in great wonder at the sight of the evidently well bred, well dressed, and beautiful white man there in the wilderness. He was soon in their presence, and saluting them said, I am an unfortunate wanderer in these wilds, where I am both surprised and rejoiced to meet with such evidences of civilization as lie around me, and to see the face of man, and of white men too, upon whose countenances are the signs of honest labor, which is the sweat of the brow. And then added, may I ask a few day's rest under your protection? as I am wearied and forlorn.

To this request the elder of the two, for this was Gilbert Frazier, the friend of the prophet, replied: Login in me hoose, yea, wi a' me heart: wha a white mon, an a gentleman? wi a' me heart, ye may ha loggin as lang as ye wull in me cabin. But I may jist ax yer name, sur, na that I luk to be over curious in ather mon's mathers, and na for a' that, I'll jist ax yer name, mon. My name is Adderly, Charles Adderly, said he, bowing, as he thus replied. Yer cam'd, said Frazier, wi' the Hio settlers, an I kna ye ha' been mickle unfortunate. But we'll gang to the hoose, sur, as ye'll be after needin somethin to ate and to drink, na doot, for there's na muckle to be haud that's gude for onny thing in this unco 'oods. So saying he moved forward a few steps, then turning suddenly around and looking Charles in the face, said in a musing tone of voice: wha kens, wha kens, it may e'en be sa. He now said aloud, Adderly did ye sa they ca ye? Yes, said Adderly, that is my name. An canna ye mind to ha iver heard o yen Toomas Adderly, wha when I leevd on the Juniata I was tould haud cam'd fra Ireland to Filladelfa. That Thomas Adderly, replied Charles, is my father, and is yet living in Philadelpia.

Here the good Irishman fell into all sorts of

raptures at the intelligence, and throwing away his hoe, as he had been digging potatoes, which he had used till then as a walking cane, caught Adderly by both his hands, and shook them with all his might, wondering at the strange event, that had sent the son of his auld frien, whom he knew weel in Ireland, all the way fra Filladelfa, through the 'oods, ower the Alleghany mountains, the Laurel hills, and the Chestnut ridge, to ask a loggin fra me. Wha'd a thought it? Rin Archey, rin fast, and teil yer mither, that the sin of me auld frien, Toomas Adderly in Filladelfa, has coom'd to see us. Rin Archey, rin, and d'ye kill the white faced calf, as ye ken it's the fattest. They soon reached the house, where the scene of honest joy was re-acted, but with redoubled fervor, by the wife of Frazier, because the father of young Adderly was an Irishman, and moreover he had in his youth shown some decided marks of love and gallantry toward herself, which the women of all countries and nations do not easily forget. Mrs. Frazier had but glanced a look at Charles when she instantly recognized the features of his father, her early admirer, and exclaimed as the too caught hold of both his hands: Ah, sur, indade ye put me in min o auld times; ye ha sa mich o the bra looks o yer father. Glad am I to ha ye unner me roof, an to hear fra the place yer camd fra. In this 'oods I niver ken'd to be sa Christian like, o this side a the grave. I ken'd yer father a weel in Mau-gry-go-waun, an ye ha mickle o his looks. But com'd in, we maun get somthink ready to mak ye comfortable, as ye maun ha had a hard time oot, through the 'oods. I wanner in the wide world ye coed guide yersel among them.

But during all this time, which, however, was two or three minutes only, the eyes of Adderly were abroad if possible to descry the lovely being who had so captivated his heart, during the brief moments he had seen her in the forest, but she was no where in sight. As they were now at the door, he was invited to enter where he hoped to find her; here also he was doomed to be disappointed. The house, as the reader is already informed, was a large one, and consequently admitted of several apartments below and above, as it was two stories high. In this house there was one room upon which the boys of Frazier, Paddy and Archy had bestowed much labor, and exerted their skill to adorn, under the direction of Maria particularly, but consisted only of such furniture as they had hewed from the trees of the forest; the cherry, pine and curled maple, rough and clumsy indeed, such as no doubt adorned the first habitations of man, when the earth was young. This room, however, contained a being, who, if Adderly had owned a palace, would have been no better to him, than a ruined temple at Balbec, filled with owls and cormorants, unless that being should be its inmate. This was Maria Frazier, and this circumstance converted the loghouse of her father into more than the most sumptuous temple. But Maria knew nothing of the presence of the stranger, as she had been occupied in chat with

her sister Nancy, and in dismantling herself of her bonnet, &c. In a minute or so, however, Charles Adderly was led into this very room by the assiduous matron, and presented to her daughters, who received his gratulations and highly polished demeanor, and especially Maria with all that simple sweetness denoting goodness of heart more prominently than does the attitudes of the most courtly ceremonies, and studied manners, although in these very traits of good breeding she was as is the sweet notes of the lute when compared with those of the Clarion. So rich, so sincere, easy, and flowing were her motions in the salutations of that moment. Charles now saw that he had not made a false estimate, as he read in an instant (as does the eastern astrologer in his horiscope of the heavens,) written on the lineaments of her never to be forgotten countenance, the whole amount of happiness that would be his, if but possessed of her, as well as the deep misery of his fate if he possessed her not. But though her manners in the introduction were the most unexceptionable, yet it was evident that she was somewhat confused, for she now saw for the first time that a man of the first order, was an inmate of her father's homely house of logs, and doubtless felt a secret ambition to appear at least acceptable in his eyes, though this, perhaps, is a peep into the arcanum of the mysteries of the daughters of Eve, of which our pen should hesitate to speak. There was also a persuasion in her mind, that this was the brave youth who had been rescued by the great prophet, and in whose welfare she had taken so deep an interest, as was evident from the few remarks which had fallen from her lips in the forest.*

Young Adderly, as he gazed upon her, became assured, that were he to look further among the myriads of heaven's last best gift, for one to call his own, and to be happy with, were now in vain. Directly it was announced that refreshments were waiting their reception in the adjoining room, when the gallant though evidently embarrassed young man, impelled by the irresistible feeling of his heart, offered Maria his hand to escort her to the table. What could she do but accept the offered politeness, although alarmed almost to the verge of flight, as it was the first attention and the first touch of the masculine hand that had fallen to her fortunes since she had known that there was a heart which could throb in her bosom.

During the few steps from the one room to the other, the enraptured Charles ventured but one look upon her face. Their eyes met, and so near that each read in the other the deep and impassioned happiness of the moment. In a twinkle, however, after this glance, the ruddy glow of Maria's face as she was seated at the board had disappeared, and the whiteness of the lily had succeeded, as terror for an instant alarmed her, lest the thoughts of the stranger might have misconstrued the state of her feelings, in some indefinable manner to her prejudice. Adderly saw the change and wondered, then feared, lest some headlong action of his toward her had distressed her, when he unconsciously cast up-

on her such a look of pity and tenderness that Maria's fears as to any misconception of his respecting herself disappeared, and her native calmness as well as cheerfulness resumed its wonted empire.

Adderly now mentioned that it was by the advice and direction of one Tonnaleuka, a great Indian prophet, that he had obtruded himself upon their kindness, and that he had been saved from death by the Chippewas. But, said he, I am happier this moment, under this roof, than ever I was under the roof of my own father, or that of any other man. This speech so flattered the ear of Frazier that he instantly invited him to remain at his house several months, while we know not what Maria's thoughts of so strange a remark might have been. This invitation, however agreeable to the ears and heart of Adderly, could not be complied with, as he said his return to Philadelphia was necessary, to give an account to the company who had fitted him out, of the disastrous end of the party; but he added that with respect to the time of his commencing the journey, the course he was to pursue, with other matters respecting his safety, he should be governed by the prophet, who had saved his life, and had offered still to extend his protection over him. When the supper was over, the evening was passed away in reciprocal conversation; Frazier relating the whole story of his capture on the Juniata, till that very evening. Adderly, also, related with minute exactness, the history of his expedition, his capture and fight with Carawissa, and that of his more wonderful release from the torture, by Tonnaleuka. To this account Maria listened with intense interest, seeming to be deeply affected by the story of his distresses and perilous escapes; so much so that when he had come to the end, and had compared its horrors with his present safety and almost ineffable happiness, that she exclaimed, ere she was aware of what she said, "oh happy, happy Tonnaleuka, who has it in his power to do so much good!" Here, her father openly and heartily commended her for so good hearted a *sayin*, while the heart of Charles leaped for joy in his bosom, for the words seemed as if unconsciously spoken, and out of pity for him, and might not that pity be the soft harbinger of a more delightful sensation, even of love itself.

But before the evening had passed away, the conversation recurred again toward auld Ireland, the youthful home of Frazier and his wife, when one of them happened to remember a song, which, when sung by Maria, never failed to bring tears to the eyes of the listener. The song was the story of many things of the sweetest nature to the soul and recollections of the ardent spirit of an Irishman, about the Emerald Isle; its green meadows, its hawthorn hedges, with their sweet smelling blossoms, bright landscapes, the speckled daisies of the fields, and flowers of the brook, the sweet singing larks and nightingale, the thrushes, the golden days of summer, filled with myriads of burnish'd insects, the lads and the lasses of a

moonlit summer evening, and their dances and mirth on the green.

Maria sang this song, while the old people wept, and Charles listened, as did Adam to the song of the angels, before his fall, as Milton writes; so that when the last sweet note had soared away on the soft air, from the lips of beauty, he still remained in his attitude of listening, so deeply were all his powers entranced. If he ardently admired this flower of the wilderness *before*, he now burned with a quenchless flame, resolving in his heart that no power which was mortal should prevent him the possession of her hand, except that of her own.

The evening being now far spent, the ladies had retired to their rest, which was scarcely done, when there entered one of the sons of Frazier, namely the one called Paddy, who had been absent on a hunt. The instant he entered the house, Paddy recognized the stranger, who was rescued by the prophet, for he was there at the Chippewa camp and saw it all. There was therefore soon a hearty friendship between Paddy and Adderly, as the former had witnessed all his bravery. This son of Frazier was much among the Indians, leaving the care of the farm to his father and his brother Archy, while Paddy made himself useful to the family in many other ways, in keeping the good will of the Indians, in trading with them, &c. He was in all points dressed like an Indian, could speak their language with a fluent tongue, and was by them esteemed equal with themselves. He now informed Capt. Adderly that Carawoona was raging through the woods like a savage beast, in search of the destroyer of his son, and if he did not look well to himself the Indian would certainly waylay him, and be his death. Carawoona, he said, would before now have had a dozen Chippewas after him, in all directions, had not Tonnaleuka told the warriors that you are under the protection of the Great Spirit, who would visit any Indian with death who should harm you; and yet Carawoona dares to make war upon you, in spite of Heaven, and his mighty prophet.

Here the fears of Adderly became aroused, on account of his friend the prophet, supposing that if he could not kill the slayer of his son, he might kill Tonnaleuka. But to this Paddy replied, that there need be no fears on that account, for were Carawoona to do this, there was not a tribe, from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, including every individual Indian and squaw, but would pursue him to the death, and would transmit his memory to coming ages as an abhorred monster, the murderer of the prophet of the Manito. Carawoona knew this, as little as he cared for the wishes of the Great Spirit, and this sufficiently deterred him from such an act.

The night was far spent ere they had retired to rest, yet Charles could not sleep, for love, as deep and as incurable as did ever possess the human bosom, had taken him prisoner. He ran on in his imagination, with the coming years with Maria by his side, centering all his happiness in this one circumstance. Her poverty was nothing; nay, it was an additional

reason why he admired her the more, for true love presses all circumstances into its service. How could he sleep, when he was so near the object of his heart? He could almost hear the rich breathings of her snowy bosom, as he pressed his weary pillow, vacillating between hope and despair, conning it over and over, whether, as soon as the first opportunity should offer, to declare his deathless love. But this he feared to do, lest he might alarm her pride, and himself become an object of dread and dislike, on this account resolved on *patience*, as no labor and suffering, however great, could be too hard to endure, to win so great a prize.

Whether Maria's sentiments towards himself were any thing more than womanly sympathy and good manners he was not certain. The night at length wore away, the light appeared, the house of Frazier was a-stir; Adderly himself, being among the first to rise, was soon blessed with the sight of one as precious as the light, as without her the very sun would rise in vain. This was a happy day with the enamored youth, for it passed smoothly on, while he had unrestrained opportunity of occasional discourse with the woman the most to be admired, in his estimation, of any he had ever formed an acquaintance with. Still he dare not as yet declare his feelings, while every moment it was evident what they were, for all he said, or however discursive his conversation might be, it always came round to the same point, which was an implied declaration of his love for her, which Maria as studiously always understood in some other way; yet not from coquetry, but from *prudence*, as she as yet scarcely knew what her feelings were toward the very interesting stranger.

It were a long story to tell, were we to relate all their conversation during that day, yet we will indulge the reader with a few of the ideas that engrossed their moments as they had opportunity. They had taken a walk in the afternoon, which proved to be one of those still heavenly days of the hazy Indian summer, when the very winds and the blue sky seem to listen, if perchance they might hear from the noisy earth some note of a sweet and harmonious nature. It was toward the close of both the walk and of their conversation, when Adderly replied to a remark she had made—Ah, tantalizing girl, tell me if you really think me *mad*, or are only bantering me? Think you *mad*, replied Maria; why I admit that it is likely enough. But then, she continued, if you were really mad it would be dangerous to tell you so. No, no, she continued in sober earnest, I do not think you mad, I only think you a little wild; but I suppose, she still continued, that it is customary for civilized gentlemen to be so. I beg a truce, says Charles, for really, if I have offended by expressing the sense I have of my present happiness, I have surely been chastized enough; but no, he added, even this chastisement is happiness, for the true cause of my happiness is with me. Would to Heaven that you believed it, and could approve. Mr. Adderly, she replied, in a tone and manner that had become suddenly serious and embarrassed,

what good would my knowledge of that circumstance do you? If you are happy, as you say you are, be content and continue so; my knowledge of your concerns, or my interference with them, can surely do you no good. Yes, you, my Maria, he cried, rather instinctively than rationally, you alone, of all the world besides, have the greatest control over my fate for life; you alone have — Sir, said she, interrupting him, this is mysterious language; as how I can in any way control your fate, I do not understand, nor do I at present wish to be informed; for I am persuaded, that while it might do me harm, it could do you no good; let me therefore remain in ignorance of your peculiar affairs.

This was a cruel blow, and went deeper than she intended, as the whole was said more from a kind of fright, and maidenly timidity, than indifference to his fate and happiness, as at that time, for several reasons, she could not have replied, though she had allowed her lover to relate the uttermost of his wishes. Adderly, now gazing upon her in an almost alarmed state of countenance, said, Oh! Maria, why put this *cruel* injunction upon me? but it is your wish, and it shall be obeyed.

They now walked on in silence, while the manner of Charles betrayed great agitation of mind. Maria remarked this, and fearing that it might continue after their arrival at the house, and be observed, stopped short and said, Mr. Adderly, I wish that what has occurred between us during this walk may not alter our bearing towards each other, or interrupt whatever degree of friendship there may exist between us; for I assure you that I have not changed my opinion of you, be that opinion what it may, nor will I change, unless a change becomes visible on your part.

This long drawn and almost soulless speech was better than nothing, and somewhat encouraged the lover, when he replied, looking the very essence of earnestness, as he gazed in her soul-subduing eyes, laying his hand upon his heart, I here seriously promise, that whatever may be your wishes, only let me know them, and I shall obey; for obedience to you is, and ever shall be my chief happiness.

Maria blushed crimson at this declaration as she could not now avoid comprehending his real meaning; but casting her eyes upon the ground, in deep confusion, they continued their walk, and in a few moments arrived at the house, Adderly remaining in a condition of strange perplexity with regard to the real state of her sentiments towards him, and the ultimate result of his suit.

On the next day, the morning ushered in the arrival of the powerful prophet, who as soon as was convenient took Charles, the son of his protection, a short distance from the house, and shewed him the danger he was in of being shot by Carawoona, from some hiding place, and that as soon as the morrow he must depart. I have already a horse, said he, and a guide prepared, get ready immediately, for you are not safe an hour from the vengeance of that implacable Indian, if I may so speak respecting my

own people. This was a dreadful dilemma for the mind of Adderly, as he felt it impossible to leave the place, till he had created in the heart of Maria some abiding interest, and had heard it confirmed from her own lips; or else, that she could not bestow her affections upon him, that he might know his fate. Feeling the horrible pressure of his condition, and that his heart would break, he resolved to overcome all reserve on the subject, and to unbosom himself to the prophet, who had gained Adderly's highest respects, in relation not only to his goodness, but his judgment also, and by him was considered the only friend he had in the wilderness.

Accordingly he requested a private interview with Tonnaleuka, when he disclosed to him the whole story of his love for the daughter of Frazier, beseeching liberty of the prophet to remain where he was a few days longer; and withal desired him to act as intercessor in his favor with Maria herself. He said that his life was of no value, unless he could possess the love and person of that matchless woman, and that if he could not, it were as well even that Carawoona should take his life. Tonnaleuka saw the full extent of his condition, and enquired whether he had told this to Maria. He said he had not, in so many words, yet she could but *know* that he loved her. The good Indian told him that if the young lady had entertained towards him any feelings of tenderness he would encourage them; but if not, it was not in his power to assist him. There was but little comfort in this promise, as it was referred wholly to Maria, as was right; for he ought to have known, that if he could not prevail himself, it was still more impossible to win by proxy.

Here the prophet left him alone with his own communings. To-morrow, said he to himself, I must part forever from the bright vision of these happy forests, where the angel of my adoration, of all that is below God himself dwells; this is my hard fate. Already the work of preparation for the early departure of Charles had begun, which Maria saw with an uneasy eye, for she had not been so insensible to the peerless merits of her lover as he was led to fear, although she did not allow even her own heart to acknowledge this. This feeling of strange anxiety grew rapidly in her mind. So much so that she determined to visit queen Alliquippa, lest she might by some inconsistency of action betray herself, as she felt deeply the impropriety of indulging the hopes of Adderly, on account of the vast difference there was in their conditions in life, he being rich and opulent, while herself was but a wretched orphan of the wilderness. The prophet had spoken to her on the subject of Adderly's attentions; but so hidden were her feelings that even this lynx-eyed magi of the west could not discern them, of which he immediately informed the party concerned.

Accordingly she bid good morning to Mr. Adderly, and set off to visit the habitation of the queen, intending not to return till evening, and to wear away any favorable sentiments of

her heart respecting Charles, ere they should grow stronger, as their fruition could *never* be anticipated. This was a day of distress to Adderly, for he had seen her depart, and had watched her countenance as he let go her hand; but there was written there nothing but cold civility and the all alluring beauties of her face. Charles did not know that she intended to remain till night, or his supplications would have broken forth in spite of himself, for her not to go and leave him; he believed she would return in an hour or two. As to his attending her during that walk, there was something in her manner on that occasion which forbid the attempt; his innate *modesty*, therefore, subdued him, even against the dictation of the reign of almost furious love.

It was about nine in the morning when she departed, the eyes of Charles accompanying her as far as they could, till some hateful turn in the path or selfish clump of bushes took her wholly from his sight. At this point, there came a faintness over his spirit, as if he were deserted forever by all his hopes, yet the *man* struggled manfully with the laughing god. His cogitations, now that he was alone, although Tonneleuka was there, we shall not essay to follow, and especially when he found that not only one, but two, three, and even *five*, hours had passed by, and that the sun was rapidly riding in his fiery chariot down the western slant of heaven, yet she came not. Here his impatience and disquietude broke over all bounds, and the willing boy with his arrows prevailed. He was now determined to visit the queen also, if for no other purpose than to take leave of her majesty, which he fancied would form a good excuse for the action, seeing he was to leave the country the next morning, or possibly that very evening. In pursuance of this design, without acquainting any one, he set off in that direction.

Fortune *sometimes* favors lovers in their most desponding moments, but not often as she did Adderly on this occasion. He had not gone above half the way, when he saw Maria returning homeward, and alone. His heart leaped and fluttered with anxiety, fearing that as soon as she should discover him, she would turn into the forest to avoid him; if so, it was not in his nature to follow, it would be so extremely ungallant. Here we are happy to inform the reader of that of which Adderly was entirely ignorant, namely, that feelings similar to his own actuated the mind of Maria, and were the cause of her returning much sooner than in the morning she had intended. Her reflections on the subject were as follows: It will, perhaps, be carrying *caution* with respect to Mr. Adderly too far, if I refuse to see him, and possibly to allow him some further conversation, before he leaves the country. He may, if I do so, stigmatise me in his heart, as being extremely harsh in my nature, which is not so, or at least as being quite unceremonious. But she did not know, that this very *care*, and *tenderness* of Capt. Adderly's feelings, was love itself, and prompted her not to be so cruel as to deny him the happiness of bidding her good bye, which

doubtless would be an everlasting farewell. In consequence of this charitable resolution on the part of Maria, Charles met her there, and with such feelings as none but those who have loved can comprehend.

Oh, Maria! said he, when they had come near to each other, and as she held out her hand by way of a mere salutation, her face crimsoning as she did it, with deep but delicate confusion; Oh, Maria, how happy am I to meet you. I really feared that I should not see you, to take a long, but I hope not a final farewell. Your not seeing me, Capt. Adderly, said Maria, would not have added one particle to either the length or difficulties of your way homewards. It would however, replied he, have dispirited and enfeebled me; for I should have feared that you wilfully avoided me, from some personal dislike, so that I should have been far less capable of encountering the difficulties of the horrid journey, than if I could commence it with a consciousness of possessing your esteem and good wishes. My esteem and good wishes can be of but little importance to any one, she replied; but such as they are, they are yours in welcome and sincerity, wherever you may go. Being thus encouraged, as he supposed, he ventured to say—may I hope for nothing but esteem from you? Is there no higher feeling of your heart to which I may aspire? Will it be presumption——Sir! said Maria, interrupting him, it is not my wish at the present time to hear any thing on a subject, to which, I fear, you wish to bring the conversation. We are soon to part, and may never meet again. To cherish, therefore, under *such* circumstances, in any degree, feelings of a more sacred nature, might be injurious to the peace and happiness of us both. Let us therefore look upon each other only as——

Here she was startled by the loud and near report of a rifle, the ball of which had struck the right arm of Adderly, and broke it near the elbow. This was succeeded by the shrill yell of a powerful savage, who leaped with dreadful force upon his victim, now unable to defend himself; casting Adderly easily to the ground, on his back, and placed a knee upon his breast in triumph. The Indian now drew from the belt, the fatal knife, and as he aimed the deadly thrust [*see the plate,*] exclaimed, "Pale face, where you now! *Carawissa* smile in spirit land—I send him pale face, *Carawissa* laugh at him. *Tonnaleuka* no help white man now."

Here he gave a yell of joy, as he saw that his victim raised his head a little to look at Maria, who had fallen into a swoon, when the savage delayed the blow, and again exclaimed, "Ugh—me kill two, one shot—much big revenge, *Carawissa* laugh more in spirit land. Now me make die mean white man—no *Tonnaleuka* save him now." But as the knife had again taken its direction for the heart, and was on the very point of descending, a rifle ball whistled through the brains of *Carawoona*, when the Indian fell powerless by the side of his intended victim.

Charles being thus unexpectedly freed from

the grasp of the conqueror, rose to his feet, flew to Maria, who was still without signs of life, and taking her head with his left hand laid it on his breast, as he sat down on the ground by her side. By this time Paddy Frazier had arrived on the spot, but directed the whole of his attention towards *Carawoona*. He stooped, and lifting up the head of the Indian, cried out, "It was a good hit, at so long a shot; it took the very spot aimed at. There was no time to get nearer; kill-deer never deceives me; she has killed him." At this moment the senses of Maria were returning, and the first sounds distinguished were those of Paddy, "she has killed him." Imagining that it was Adderly who was killed, not perceiving that her head was resting on the bosom of her lover, she screamed, Oh my Charles! Has the monster killed my only beloved? Oh, let me see my precious Charles! Here, seeing him near her, she exclaimed, as she cast her arms wildly abroad, Oh God, thou hast soon taken him from me; oh how miserable, how wretched I am! Why did not the murderer kill us both! Oh, these dreadful pangs! I—I—Here her senses had returned so far that she began to discover the truth, as the captain was saying, in a soothing manner—My love, be calm; neither of us are killed; thank God, you are safe and living, to comfort and delight your Charles. Thank God, indeed, she replied. But, Charles, how is it; was not the shot mortal? for surely I saw you fall beneath the grasp of the savage. Here he showed her the lifeless body of *Carawoona*, whose head had been cleft by the shot of Paddy's rifle. My enemy, said Charles, has breathed his last. God be praised, she responded, who has twice protected and delivered you from your enemies. Oh! Charles, how thankful should we be for——But here she checked herself, not seeming, from the fulness of her heart, to apprehend the amount of her rapid remarks. When quickly but calmly rising up, she added, Indeed, Mr. Adderly, you have singular reason to be thankful. I am thankful, Maria, said he, not for my deliverance only, but also for the danger I have been in, since it has been the means of unloosing the seal of your heart, and of discovering to me that I have an interest there, the affections of which I had rather possess, than the affections of the whole human race beside. Oh, Maria, there has been a sweet consolation afforded to me in this dangerous occurrence, for *Tonnaleuka* will not now ask me to leave thee so soon. Mr. Adderly, she replied, in evident consternation, I believe you have discovered the jewel which I wished to conceal, but let us talk at present no more about it.

At this moment for the first, she saw that Charles was badly wounded, of which circumstance not a word had escaped his lips, altho' the pain was great, and the warm blood was flowing freely. Oh! she exclaimed, I fear it is dangerous; the worst may not yet be over. O, Charles, how much you have suffered in the short time you have been in the wilderness! binding up the arm with her shawl to keep it from swinging about, as she said it, when they



slowly walked toward the house. Paddy having procured a spade, made not far from the path, a grave, where he interred the body of the Chippewa Chief, the family keeping the secret of his end from the Indians, who imagined that the evil manito had destroyed him, on account of his rebellious disposition toward the prophet.

As to the wounded arm, Tonnaleuka took the case in hand, which he set as readily as a professed surgeon, and binding it up gave orders that the patient should be left in silence, remarking that the wound was not dangerous, and would be well in a month or two. But Paddy, from that day forth became famous in the estimation of his own family and that of Adderly, as the slayer of the terrible Carawona. This vigilant and sharp sighted son of Gilbert Frazier, from the day of the captain's arrival at the plantation, had been incessantly on the watch for fear of this same Indian, as Paddy knew him well, and that he would follow Adderly to his father's as a natural consequence, as there was no other white man for him to flee to in all that country. But so sly had been the approach of the wily Indian, that even Paddy had not seen him till the report of the shot which wounded Adderly proclaimed his presence. And that Paddy was near enough when the thing took place to shoot him, was but a chance, as he had merely walked that way because he had seen captain Adderly do so, though no doubt he may have guessed the reason why he took that direction at that particular time.

But as for Charles, he was singularly happy, a kind of mental phenomenon which the prophet could not divine. What could this mean? In the morning of that same day he had seen him so desponding and cast down, on account of being repulsed by Maria; and since then he had been waylaid, shot at, and wounded, and notwithstanding these accumulating horrors, the first in particular, Adderly was singularly happy. It were not impossible, thought the good Indian, but his senses were somehow affected. Imagining that matters stood the same between Charles and Maria, as soon as a fair opportunity offered to fortify his mind against despair, the prophet began to soothe and comfort the love stricken young man, by appealing to his manhood, to his power of self-control, to his patience and good sense, and a dozen other prescriptions about as efficacious in a matter of this description, as oil would be to quench a raging fire, blown to fury by a tempest of wind. Charles waited very patiently, till the good and well meaning priest of the mysterious wand had gone through with his lore, when the former took off the veil of ignorance under which the prophet labored, showing him all that had taken place, which exceedingly rejoiced Tonnaleuka. He said that as she was the child of his adoption, he felt equally interested in her welfare, as if she were his own natural daughter; and further he said he knew her nature, and that if she once loved him, it would do forever.

During Adderly's illness, on account of his

broken arm, Maria became his nurse, casting off in a considerable degree the reserve which previously was necessary to be sustained toward him, while he as assiduously as ever continued to cultivate the affections of the modest as well as changeless girl of his heart. Thus favorably terminated the war between captain Adderly and the fierce old chief of the Chippewas, relieving the prophet from much anxiety on account of his meditated revenge. Tonnaleuka now left the habitation of Frazier, on a visit of several weeks among the tribes, wishing the inmates much happiness till his return. But long ere several weeks had made their exit, the irrevocable promise of faithful love had been reciprocated between Charles and Maria, which was to be perfected in their marriage as soon as circumstances would permit. Were the limits of this little work sufficient we should recite with pleasure in detailed accounts, all that passed between the lovers, during many a walk they had together on the wild banks of the Monongahela, with his arm in a silken sling. We should fondly dwell upon the rapturous circumstances of oft repeated vows of eternal constancy toward each other, while they conjured the recording angel to register in the book of God's account the sweet affiances of their hearts, but we have not room, leaving the reader, if they ever were in love, to supply the deficiency by the exuberance of their own imaginations.

At length the period of Tonnaleuka's return arrived, when captain Adderly found that he must be separated for a season from his heaven in the wilderness. The prophet had provided an Indian guide by the name of Man-hul-Sah, to accompany him and his companions through the wilderness, a nearer route than the one they had traveled on their arrival in that country, who, when his charge should be safely lodged in Philadelphia, was to be rewarded according to his faithfulness. Here the reader may possibly enquire who the companions of Charles through the wilderness were, seeing his company had been entirely cut off at Chariters creek, as before related. But there were two, however, who made their escape, namely: one Peter McFall and a Doctor Kilbourn, which was effected by the agency of the prophet, and had also returned to Frazier's. Had we room we should doubtless give a narrative of the particulars of their escape, as well as the courtship and final marriage of this Doctor Kilbourn to Nancy Frazier. Besides these two, there was Paddy Frazier, making in all five persons, well mounted on horses, provisioned and armed for the journey.

It was in the month of November when they set out on the journey, a season of the year not very promising, as the dreary harbingers of winter, cold rains, sleet, and snow often revelled in company with the winds, on the summits of the jagged Alleghanies, and the leafless tops of the wilds.

Now as the party rode away, having left the hospitable parlor of the good Irishman early in the morning, Charles and Maria were the last who lost sight of each other in the distance,

her eyes having followed his retiring form till nearly out of sight, when a kiss of the hand, each to the other, those invisible messengers of love were exchanged, smiling as they passed midway, saying in their hearts as they did so, I will live for thee, and for thee alone. We dare not proceed farther in any description of the secrets of the deep cabinet of love, in a case like this, lest our pen should be thought profane, in coming too near the bright ethereal fire which burns on the altar of the heart, and is the fair image of him of whom it is said—God is love.

On the third day after their departure, they crossed the Chestnut ridge, and encamped in a valley now called Ligamore valley, in the county of Westmoreland, Penn. In the morning, as they were about to leave this place they were suddenly beset by a small party of Ottawas, but at such a distance as to do but little injury. These Indians had been sent in pursuit of the prisoners, Kilbourn and McFall, who, as before spoken of had escaped by the management of Tonnaleuka. In about four weeks, without other accident or hindrance, captain Adderly with his party arrived at Philadelphia, to the great joy of his only parent, his father, that his son and only child had returned from the awful Indian country alive.

The defeat of this first attempt of the Americans to settle the far west, and to conciliate the Indians being effected by the French, made a great stir over the entire country of the colonies, but especially in Virginia. Immediately the sons of that patriotic colony, now known by the cognomen of the Old Dominion called meetings of the citizens, everywhere, to express their views and to concert measures of defense and reprisal. Several companies were raised, armed and sent out to protect the back settlements, but with very little success, as the Indians, together with the French, still continued to murder, plunder, and carry off prisoners, as they had Gilbert Frazier and the settlement on the Juniata, sixteen years before, and all along till the end of the French war.

After much consultation, and clashing of opinions, in all directions of the land respecting what was best to be done; whether to raise an army, penetrate the distance to Fort Le Bœuf, and drive the French out of the country, or to wait till the English government, by their minister, could remonstrate, and thus settle the difficulty. But as these methods promised to be but a slow remedy, it was resolved that a messenger should be sent to the commandant of Fort Le Bœuf, requiring explanations, and a treaty to put a stop to the operations of the Indians on the exposed back settlements.

But who was the man, who could raise a company, and when it was raised, who dare become its leader in so dangerous an undertaking as to penetrate the vast wild from thence to Fort Le Bœuf, a distance of more than two hundred miles, and wholly through tribes of hostile Indians. Here, after so long a time in the course of the history, we are happy to introduce the chief hero of the work, GEORGE WASHINGTON, of glorious memory, as alluded to on our

title page, whose powerful mind, under circumstances the most *trying* and *appalling*, not only in the field of blood and strife, but where the *affections* of the heart were concerned and tested in a *crucible*, as severe as human nature is capable of enduring; who came out pure, without mixture of alloy.

DIXWIDDIE, the Governor of Virginia, came to the conclusion to send a letter by this messenger, requiring satisfaction of the French, &c., with which the reader is well acquainted, from the *history* of those times, on which account we shall omit particulars farther than is immediately concerned with the story we are now engaged in. When matters had come to this conclusion, there were none of the old Indian fighters or hunters who offered their service—it was too dangerous an undertaking to carry this letter. But when all others feared the proposed service, *Washington*, though but a young man of about twenty years old, presented himself to the Governor to accomplish it, and to bear the wishes of the country to the much dreaded destination. The Governor accepted of the unexpected offer, who immediately prepared the dispatches, while Washington made ready for the journey, having already ascertained who would accompany him.

The reader will perceive that Philadelphia, in Pa., and Mount Vernon, in Virginia, were far apart, on which account that particular operation, as proposed to be accomplished by Washington, was unknown to Adderly, or no doubt he would have been of the little band, to accompany the young Virginian to the dear haunts of his affianced bride. But before we proceed in a history of the expedition and its incidents, we will just remark that Paddy Frazier, Doctor Kilbourn, and the Indian Man-hul-sah, returned in safety to the Monongahela, richly laden with merchandise suited to the trade with the natives, which was the fruits of the sale of Paddy's furs, that he brought with him to Philadelphia, and the rewards given to them all for their service through the wilderness with Captain Adderly. There was also a well assorted number of books, of the most approved description, sent as well as several long epistles to Maria, which, no doubt, were more valuable in her estimation, than all the books of Philadelphia, and yet she loved well to read.

All things being ready, the party set forward on the hazardous enterprise. We cannot delay the narrative at this point to relate the incidents of the journey, but shall at once, after three or four weeks, introduce Washington and his company to the shores of the Monongahela, but a short distance from the dwelling of Gilbert Frazier. Several months, seven or eight at least, had now passed away since Captain Adderly had been absent from the society of Maria, and many were the dreary days each of them had endured for the other, recounting the while on the tabernacle of *memory*, a thousand passages of the dear hours they had passed together, during the golden weeks of the wounded arm, the ministry of the Prophet, and the fetes of Paddy, the trader among the Indians. During which period love had thriven in the hearts of Charles

and Maria, like the most luxuriant foliage, nurtured by the genial rains of summer, and had borne ten thousand blossoms of every sweet hue and odor, and in imagination had been pluck'd and worn in their respective bosoms for love of each other. Charles could not forget the hour, when, during the increasing convalescence of his arm, as he with his Maria were engaged in a walk on the banks of Turtle Creek, that she openly and freely confessed that the happiness of her life depended on his affections, and that her soul was bound up with his, in a bundle together, her eyes beaming brightly upon his, while suffused in tears, not of grief but of joy, fervor and sincerity, as she did so.

On listening to this unequivocal confession, so great was the happiness of Charles, that there was no words found of sufficient intensity to respond in, *action* supplied their place; for he laid her beautiful head on his own heaving bosom, and yielded to the rush, to the tempest, to the deluge of his joy, in which, for a while, silence reigned, and more strongly conversed of unutterable things than could the tongue of the most flowing and ready eloquence. From that hour till his departure from the wilderness, his conversation with Maria was not that of courtship, which, in the common acception of the idea, is of the winning or beseeching character, but rather that of sweet mental fruition, reciprocity of feelings, looks, sympathies, attentions, and kindness, all pointing steadily and eagerly to the consummation of hoped for joys, not afforded in the unmarried state; these reminiscences Charles could not forget.

It was in July, 1753, when summer with all its glories of foliage, green leaves, shrubbery, and flowers, smiled through the forests of the west, that Maria and her sister Nancy were engaged in a walk along the shores of the Monongahela, deeply engaged with the subjects of former occurrences, and having come to a romantic place, shaded from the rays of a burning sun, and otherwise suited to the fancies of landscape admirers, where they reclined beneath the overshadowing redundancy of the leaves of the grape vine, as it had ascended in its wanderings over the tops of many a thorn, water beach, and willows, Maria had opened and was reading the sweet little volume of *Thompson's Seasons*, one of the number Charles had sent to her in the package before mentioned. The place she chanced to open to was the story of the loves of *Palemon* and *Lavina*, which she read aloud, entering into the subject with her very soul, indicated by voice and manner, the song of Thompson, trilling from her lips, and playing in sweet echoes with the bees amid the flowers. The words she was reading in that rural author, were—"He saw her charming, but he saw not half the charms her down cast modesty concealed—" when Nancy happening to direct her attention a little on one side, she saw a person standing there, leaning against a tree, when she instantly sprang to her feet, crying out, "Oh, Maria, here is a white man!" [See the plate.]

This was Washington, the destined hero, and Father of American Freedom, who, on disco-

vering the ladies, had become entirely entranced, equally so with Captain Adderly when he first saw these same ladies, as he reclined beneath the rock maple, on the summit of Frazier's fields. Maria in a moment was on her feet, and considerably startled, when the stranger approached with mildness, benovolence and admiration strongly expressed on his countenance. "Ladies," said he, "I must ask pardon for my delay in addressing you. But how could I interrupt the refined employment in which I found you engaged—in such a place, and so unexpectedly. I have traversed," he continued, "the wilderness nearly two hundred miles, without seeing a human being other than my companions, who are not far hence, and here to discover such as you, and thus employed, ladies forgive me if I say my delight is equal with my astonishment.

"Sir," replied Maria, "we meet in this wilderness with few gentlemen like you, on which account, if we manifest any childish surprise, may we trust that your candor will ascribe it to the true cause, which is our peculiar secluded condition. That river, Turtle Creek, these woods and the blue sky, are the utmost extent and variety that we have seen since our birth; but our father lives near, and always makes the forest wanderer welcome; shall we lead you to the house?"

"It would be a happiness," he replied, "for I cannot doubt that your father's name is Frazier, for whose dwelling I was but now in search of." "It is the same," she replied, "my father's name is Frazier." It now occurred to Maria that perhaps the stranger had news for her, from Philadelphia. The thought instantly bringing the color to her face, and occasioned considerable embarrassment in her manners, for the moment, as there fled from her bosom a deep but suppressed sigh. Washington saw these signs of confusion, the reason of which he would instantly have enquired, had not his native delicacy, and a most intense agitation at heart, prevented him. They went on toward the house in almost a total silence; so deeply was the youthful Washington smitten by the unexpected view of that angel of the forest. But from the few remarks which were made by the stranger, respecting the distance it was through the wilderness from Virginia, Maria became satisfied that he knew nothing of the man who was the star of her destiny, when she gradually recovered her natural composure and ease of manners.

By this time they had reached the house, when Frazier, being near to the door, Maria said to the gentleman, "Sir, this is my father." Here Washington, bowing in the most graceful and cordial manner, giving his hand, informed the hardy settler, who he was, his business, &c. His companions, he said, were not far off, as they had halted on the bank of the river to rest, while himself should go forward, alone, in search of the white man's dwelling. Frazier immediately sent his son Archy to the place, who invited the men forward, telling them that their Captain was already at the house, where they soon arrived, to the very



He stood amaz'd ! behind a tree conceal'd,
And lov'd the charms her beauties there reveal'd..... See PAGE 51.

great joy of Frazier as well as of the way worn adventurers.

The hospitable resources of the place were soon put in requisition, as Frazier was now fully aware of the importance of his illustrious visitor, and therefore he exerted himself to testify his regard toward him as well as the good cause, which was to conciliate the Indians, and also to comfort each individual of the adventurous band. As to Maria, she was cheerful and even talkative, though dignified and graceful, while she was engaged in the various preparations of the occasion. But the distinguished guest was not so much at ease, although resting in the very bosom of hospitable kindness and attention, for he saw before him in happy occupation amid domestic pursuits, the most perfect model of female excellence which had ever visited the brightest conceptions of his correct as well as romantic imaginations. This happy discovery was also made in a place, and under circumstances, of all others in the world, the best calculated to make an impression on his heart; which circumstance did not escape the vigilant eye of Maria, though to her the circumstance was not a source of pride and triumph, as it would have been to many a vain young lady, whose judgment was less in quantity than her vanity and love of admiration, although such a one might have already for an admirer the truest heart and the noblest of the land.

Washington, it appeared, had heard of the great Indian Prophet Tonnaleuka, for his fame had reached even the habitations of the white man, who, as it happened, was then at Frazier's house. In the mind of Washington it was of great importance to make acquaintance with this wily savage, as he presumed he was, as by it he supposed much good in relation to the Indians might be done, in restraining their ferocity upon the back settlements. Washington had supposed that this Indian was merely a cunning fellow of his race, deceiving the tribes by his pretensions to supernatural powers, but having no real importance, in relation to truth, that could do himself or others any good.

But in this opinion Washington was much mistaken, as he found the Prophet a most extraordinary man; well versed in a knowledge of the tribes, their views of things, the amount and goodness of the Indian country, its rivers, animals, fishes and furs. He knew also much more of the policies of the white men, their resources, power, knowledge, and designs, than seemed possible for an Indian to know. As to his person, he was tall, well built, and majestic. His manners were easy and commanding. His mode of conversing, when a little excited and earnest, was full and sonorous, having a potency of language which, when he would, roll'd like a flood over the hearer, especially in the Indian tongue, giving in a wonderful degree the power of eloquence wherein no doubt lay the secret of his influence among the tribes, sanctioned, too, as they believed, by the indwelling Manito, whose Prophet they had no doubt he was.

Tonnaleuka very much encouraged Wash-

ington in his design of conciliating his brethren, the Indians, as well as the French, promising to do all he could to forward his plans of peace. Respecting the Prophet's earlier life, Washington was extremely anxious to learn all he could, as he considered him the most extraordinary Indian he had ever met with; but his history was obscured in mystery, as no Indian knew his origin, or even his tribe; all they knew was that suddenly, many moons ago, he had appeared among them, everywhere doing good. On this subject Washington had much conversation with Maria, when he ascertained that the Prophet had been her only instructor, and that he had also endeavored to instruct the young men of the tribes, but had been resisted secretly by the chiefs; her father's family, she believed, were the only individuals who had in any degree been benefitted by his benevolent efforts to communicate knowledge.

"Ah, now I see the mystery explained," said Washington, almost involuntarily, "no wonder, extraordinary maiden, that your mind is so superior, when, with your own fine natural talents, you have had *such* an instructor."—"Sir," said Maria, "I know not what the privileges of gentlemen are in polite society, but if I may credit the authors I have read, they have always been accustomed to work upon the vanity of the ladies by praising our good qualities, if we have any, beyond all rational bounds, and it would appear that the daughters of refinement have always permitted them in this display of their good manners, even at the expense of sincerity, because they no doubt knew the exact value to place upon it. But, as here in the forest we have no means of understanding this value with equal precision, I think our safest method will be to dispense with the custom altogether, and tolerate with those who converse with us, only such language as is conformable to truth and nature, I therefore wish—" "Oh! Miss Frazier," said Washington with great emotion, interrupting her, "believe me, if I have offended your views of propriety, it was done unconsciously; and, dear madam, let me say in my justification, that I never speak insincerely to flatter either *man* or *woman*, and concerning you in particular, I have not expressed the half—ah! I will not, I dare not—I have not expressed the half of what I think your merits.

From this it was evident to the quick-sighted mind of Maria, that Washington was truly and deeply in love with herself, and also that he was more than worthy of a sincere and ardent return. But this was impossible for her to bestow, as it was not in her nature to be inconstant, *Charles Adderly* was the man who had received her vows, a second could not be heard. That her heart had been given to another did not enter into the mind of Washington, immured as she was in an ocean of wilderness, and so far removed from all civilized associations; he therefore had determined in his heart that as soon as his duty toward his country had been accomplished in the affair he was then engaged in, that he would then, if it were possible, win the affections of the backwoods man's daughter, and transplant her from the gloomy

woods of the west to the heights of Mount Vernon.

Several days had now passed by since Washington had been at Frazier's, during which time a messenger, namely, Paddy, had been sent on the war path of the natives, to a new French fort called Venango, which was about sixty miles distance, to procure a written permission from the commandant, to allow the messenger of the Governor of Virginia to pass unmolested to Fort Le Bœuf, which was a distance of about thirty miles further, a French fort, situated on French Creek. Paddy, on his return, was to stop at an Indian town called Loggstown, where Washington had promised to be, in order to confer with the chiefs of several tribes then assembled there, who were professedly friendly to the English. In the meantime another messenger had been sent to king Shingiss, who lived about twelve miles below Frazier's to apprise him of the intended visit of Washington, and to secure from that tribe, who were friendly, an escort to accompany him, not only to Loggstown, but to Venango and Fort Le Bœuf.

Although the council convened at Loggstown was supposed to be friendly to the English, yet there was a remnant of the Wyandots' and Caughnawagas' tribes there, from these there was opposition to be apprehended, as they were known to be attached to the interests of the French. Washington and his party now left the hospitable Frazier, with the view of reaching Loggstown before Paddy's return to that place. On leaving Frazier's, Washington for the first time in his life felt what it was to separate from the object of a most tender love. As he bade Maria adieu, there fled slowly from his bosom a deep and a heavy sigh, which she was not so blind as not to observe, and withal, to suspect the cause, said in a very calm but kind and respectful manner, that she wished him a safe and prosperous return from the perils of his adventure. "Thank you, Miss Frazier," was all he replied, but mentally added, oh! may heaven soon restore me to her most lovely presence, and for her sake grant peace to the wilderness she inhabits.

A few hours travel brought them to Shanapins town, where dwelt king Shingiss. Here, with the eye of a soldier, Washington examined the point of land where the Monongahela and the Alleghany rivers meet, being struck with the situation as a proper site for a fort. At this very place Duquesne was built, and then fort Pitt, the first by the French and the latter by the English. This spot finally became the great object of contention in the French war.

Shingiss, the king of the Delawares, was true to the appointment made with Washington's messenger, and was ready to accompany him with a dozen of his warriors or so, to the Loggstown council. On their way they came to the fatal spot at Chariters creek, where Captain Adderly had his horrible fight with the Indians, and particularly with Carrawissa, the Chippewa, the season before. There was yet the logs, trees, and stakes of the but half finished fort, full of bullets which had been shot into

them in the battle. The Indians pointed out the place to Washington and his party, where Captain Adderly fought with and killed the hero of his tribe. All the communications of Washington with the Indians was carried on by an interpreter, one Vanbram by name, who was of the party from Virginia, and was expert in a knowledge of their tongues, and all their ways.

Of the battle of Adderly with Carawissa, king Shingiss gave Washington a particular account, as he was an eye witness, having been on the spot, but not a participator in the battle; which account was also corroborated by Paddy, the son of old Frazier. On these accounts Washington formed an exalted opinion of this Captain Adderly, with whom, as yet, he had no acquaintance, although, through the medium of the papers, he was apprised of his name, little thinking that this was the man who by the fates was destined to bear off the prize of the wilderness in his very sight, the inestimable Maria. At this spot, Chariters Creek, they encamped for that night, proceeding the next day, with the whole party, Indians and all, to the Loggstown council. On arriving there they found several of the chiefs of various tribes, with their Indians already encamped, and their fires burning, among whom, by way of cementing a friendly understanding, as soon as was convenient, Washington distributed a portion of the presents he had brought for that very purpose. These presents were received graciously, while the chiefs assured Washington that he had nothing to fear, as all the chiefs who were then present, wished to be on friendly terms with the English, for reasons which they assigned.

But the next morning several other chiefs and sachems, among whom were those of the Wyandots, Caughnawagas, and Chippewas, arrived, who were known to be hostile to the English. These chiefs, however, on being told that Washington had come to the council on behalf of the English, from the colonies, for the purpose of making peace with the French, and that for the same purpose he was proceeding to Fort Le Bœuf, accepted of his presents and promised to listen to his talk without molesting him. The Indians now prepared a council feast, to which Washington and his party were invited. When this was over, the chiefs smoked the calumet of peace with Washington, except those of the hostile tribes, who said they could not do so until they knew the terms their allies, the French, would accept of, and should agree to the treaty. At length the council was organized, and Kustaloga, chief of the Mingos, being declared its President, he addressed Washington by stating that he was welcome on his visit to their country, and the council, and that the Governor of Virginia had shown his wisdom in sending so brave and so wise a young chief to make peace with the red nations.

Here followed a long talk, in which the speaker traversed many subjects considered by the Indians as grievances, but ended in giving the preference to an English alliance rather than to the French, who as he made an end of the talk, presented Washington with a belt of white

wampum, the sign of peace. Washington w arose, who was a tall and beautiful young man, and addressed the assembled chiefs on the part of his country, by saying he was happy to meet his red brothers there in council, and that he thanked them for the wampum just given by Kustaloga, in token of fellowship. He now desired, as an evidence of their sincerity, an escort and safe conduct to Fort Le Bœuf, as without such an escort the unfriendly Indians might intercept and cut him off. Also, he wished for provisions, for which he was ready to pay the silver, at such a rate as was right. He added that the Governor of Virginia, their white brother, esteemed them and greatly desired their friendship, that they and the whites might freely trade together. In token of the truth of which he now gave to Kustaloga a splendid belt of peace, then took his seat among the Indians on the ground.

Thus far all appeared to be going on well, but, as Washington resumed his place there arose a chief of the Wyandots, who addressed the council in quite another tone, accusing Washington of being sent as a spy, and to sow discord between the tribes, instead of peace, alienating them from the French, which would end, he said, in the ruin of the interests of the Indians. His speech was of the description calculated to irritate the feelings of the natives, especially those under French influence, which, when he saw was the case, and that they were growing angry, he, in the most vehement manner, accompanied with all the horrid gestures of savage eloquence, recommended the immediate seizure of Washington and his men, in order to put them to death by torture. This speech was followed by similar harangues from the chiefs of the Chippewas and Caughnawagas, soon producing a terrible hubbub, for the Indians of King Shingiss and queen Alliquippa, the Mingo Indians, and others, opposed these murderous intentions with extreme alarm and energy.

But that part of the warriors who were for putting Washington and his men to death seemed to prevail, being more fierce than the others, and every moment increasing their numbers from the depths of the wilderness. Washington seemed now to be on the verge of ruin, as the unfriendly Indians were more in number than the others. One of the chiefs sprang to a conspicuous place where he could be seen and heard, cried out—"what, brothers! when the *serpent* is in your power, will you fondle him till he stings you? will you sport with the glittering of his scales till it darts its poison through the heart? Strike now, as with a single stroke you may kill the serpent and free yourselves from danger and the reproach of being called fools. Let us kill them, it will gratify the French, it will strike terror into our enemies, the English, and save ourselves from many future calamities." When he ended there went up a dreadful yell, it was the yell indicating death, or the war whoop.

In a moment the friendly Indians surrounded the whites, in order to protect them, being determined to die in their defence; who also be-

gan to look to their rifles, expecting every moment, when the fight would begin. Washington saw in that moment the defeat of his darling plan of peace, his heart wept while his eye grew keen for the battle, which he saw was inevitable. But in this state of things, while all was dismay, the Prophet Tonnaleuka suddenly bounded into the midst of them, with a terrific flashing of his eyes, his hair streaming to the wind, with the dread wand extended before him, as if he was rushing to arrest some awful, foreseen ruin about to fall upon the Indians.

In a moment there was silence, as the eyes of all were upon him, the Manito himself, had he appeared, could scarcely have fixed their attention more profoundly. The boldest of the chiefs trembled, for they saw that wrath was at work on his countenance, and they knew not but some invisible bolt would be let loose upon them.

But while all were fixed in the attitude of expectation, which continued but for a moment, his eye having caught sight of a rapidly ascending cloud from the west, the fierceness of his countenance seemed suddenly to fall, while a sweet smile passed over his face, like the smile of infancy, when he exclaimed, in a soft confident and happy voice—"Thank thee, thank thee, oh Manito, that I am heard, and that thou hast spared them from thy wrath, I see thee riding on the wings of the wind, and the thunders follow in thy track." He now looked calmly round upon the alarmed Indians, saying—"brothers, brothers," in a strong sonorous voice, "what, oh what were ye about to do? Be thankful to the Great Spirit that he has in mercy arrested, by his Prophet, your impious hands. What, would you destroy the favorite of the Manito, and all the Indians of the happy hunting grounds? would you slay the chosen of the Great Spirit? for know, my brothers, that the very man whom you have condemned, and were going to sacrifice, was born to fulfil the eternal destinies which will benefit the human race more than all the brave deeds of all the warriors and great hunters of the west. Here the Prophet dropped to his knees and prayed in the Indian tongue for a sign in token of the truth of what he had just said, and that should convince any unbelieving Indian of the number present, that the act they were about to have done was held in abhorrence by all the invisible powers. "Oh! Manito," he cried, at the very top of his mighty voice—"let this be the sign that he is especially under thy protection, and that thou canst turn even his enemies to be his friends; let a messenger from the very French themselves, come now to this council, ordering them to forbear injuring Washington or any of his men during his journey in the country. Grant this now to take place, oh Manito, that all who see and all who hear may know that he is under thy care, and *wo* to him who shall touch this, his minister of good to the nations." Here he paused, while yet on his knees, as if his ear had caught the sound of something strange; when there arose on the still air the distant yell of a runner. In-

stantly the Prophet was on his feet, with the awful wand held aloft, and the eyes of all the Indians turned in the direction of the sound, which still was heard, and still was drawing nigher. But a half minute or so had now transpired, when there bounded into the assembly a mighty Indian runner, of the Wyandot tribe, by name *Al-gon-quilla-cheonk*, well known to all the Indians as the great runner employed by the French on important embassies. The runner appeared not to notice the vast assembly, but went straight to the Prophet with a piece of paper in his hand, the very sign which had been prayed for by Tonnaleuka, to the very great surprise of all the Indians. Here the Prophet opened the paper in haste, and read as follows—"Warriors of all the tribes in alliance with the French, it is our desire and command that ye respect and hold sacred the person and goods of George Washington and those of his company, while proceeding to, and returning from his present mission to his majesty's commandant at Fort Le Bœuf. (Signed,) *Le Gardeur de St. Pierre*, commandant at Fort Le Bœuf."

Here we will mention that Paddy Frazier, the messenger of Washington and Tonnaleuka, had fortunately met with this officer at Venango, and obtained this very important document, and had, by the direction of St. Pierre, sent it to the council by the runner *Al-gon-quilla-cheonk*, while Paddy was not far behind.

On the arrival of this paper, *Mas-ka-ken-kas*, one of the hostile chiefs who had roused the Indians by his speeches, and the rest, were convinced that what the Prophet had said was true, and immediately withdrew their opposition to the friendly intentions of the Delaware Indians of king *Shingiss*, expressing great sorrow for their intended sin and cruelty. All this was seen with wonder by Washington, as he saw not only his own escape secure, but the sway of the mighty Prophet over the minds of the fierce tribes; and although Washington knew in all reason the sapient Indian was no impostor or deceiving juggler, yet the wonder of his influence was none the less, as it exemplified how mighty an instrument religious education is, especially a *false* one, when applied to the untutored minds of uneducated men. And had there never been in the world any worse priest craft than that of Tonnaleuka's, it would be a world of much less sorrow and distress.

In the presence of the Indians the wise Prophet took but little notice of Washington or his men, sustaining in a masterly degree his supernatural dignity, or the Indians, had the Prophet done otherwise, would doubtless have become jealous; whose pride that the white men had witnessed the amazing phenomenon of the foreknowledge of their *sachem priest*, or great *medicine man*, was exceedingly gratified. From this place Washington's march, with that of his escort, was a rapid one, taking Venango in his way, where, from the intemperance of a certain French officer, one *I-on-ca-i-re*, he learned from him in a fit of drunkenness, the real intentions of the French Government respecting the Ohio, or the great western world.

These intentions were, that they should take possession of the whole of it, and to cut off and take prisoner every English settler who might attempt to fix a dwelling in the Ohio country. From this accidental discovery Washington foresaw the entire failure of his mission, yet it was his duty to persevere.

In a short time himself and suit arrived at Fort Le Bœuf, when he presented the letter of Dinwiddie, to the commandant, St. Pierre. After reading that communication, St. Pierre called a council of his officers to deliberate on the demands of the Governor of Virginia, and came to the conclusion, in writing, that they would not abandon the scheme of possessing the French of the Ohio country, nor would they restrain the Indians.

This was enough. It was now evident that a bloody war was to be engaged in, and perhaps many a long year, as power and fortune might decide. Our hero now made all haste to return, feeling deeply grieved and disappointed in not obtaining terms of peace, as he knew that the whole Indian world of the Ohio region, as well as of the wilds of Upper Canada, would soon be let loose upon the frontier settlements of the English colonies in America.

Now the situation of Miss Frazier arose to view as being a dangerous one, and more than ever, if such a thing were possible, determined Washington to secure the *love* of that most amiable of all females, in *his* eyes, and then to transplant her from the awful solitudes of her birth to the happy heights of Mount Vernon, as her husband. Oh! the intoxicating thought! the accomplishment of which seemed, to his youthful and fond imagination, like achieving a place in *Paradise*, and, if we must say it, much more so, as a place in *Paradise*, without Maria, and the feelings of mortality reigning in his bosom as they did *then*, would make the possession of Maria's heart and person of more value to him than even a *supernatural* condition, however blissful it might be. He was now extremely anxious to return to Virginia, that the country might be apprised of its danger, and succor be offered to defenceless places along the frontier. But Washington very much desired also to gain a little time, to be passed in the company of Maria. For this purpose he gave the horses and baggage to the care of Vanbram, his interpreter, with directions not to overdrive them, and to pick his way, as the animals were already much exhausted by the horrid journey, and needed recruiting; while himself and Paddy Frazier, who had accompanied him on the tour as his guide, proceeded in a much shorter route to Frazier's. Paddy and Washington were well equipped with arms, two fine rifles, hatchets and knives, balls and powder, as well as good store of dried venison in their packs, so that they set off alone with good hearts and alacrity.

That the mission of Washington to make peace had failed was soon known to the Indians, consequently the curse of Tonnaleuka could not now affect them, though they should kill Washington, which they intended to do, notwithstanding the safe passport given him to re-

turn, believing the French would be pleased with such an act. Accordingly, on the second day after they had left the main company under the care of Vanbram, they were fired upon by three French Indians, or Indians attached to the French interests, who unexpectedly got sight of Paddy and Washington at a considerable distance off, on which account, or some other, the shots did them no harm. But the Indians were not so fortunate, as the rifles of our heroes were in a moment leveled at their adversaries, when two of them fell, but the other fled and was seen no more, leaving them there in company with their rifles, to be gathered up by the first hunter who should find them, or by the Indian, their companion, if he might see fit to return.

On the next day toward night they arrived at Frazier's, who was unfeignedly happy to see Washington and his son safely returned; but most of all Maria seemed elated at his return. He heard her thank heaven that himself had escaped being murdered at Loggstown council, all of which he fondly interpreted in his own favor, as being incipient to a further progress in her good will and feelings of a higher order. Thus to hope, and fondly to believe, was a solace, a comfort, yes, even a happiness, which as yet he would not relinquish for worlds. Notwithstanding this pleasing dream, he was not sure that her apparent kindness arose from any dearer emotions than common friendship and genteel manners, on which account he was determined not to make any formal declaration of his passion until he should somehow obtain a better knowledge of her turn of mind. The next day, however, this most sage determination was put to a severe test, and had it been made by a mind less firm than was Washington's, it would have failed. The occasion was as follows—the breakfast being over, and the day promising to be extremely fine, the beloved of his soul invited him to walk with her, as she said it was her desire to introduce him to queen Alliquippa. His heart beat with uncommon force on this announcement; but did he refuse on account of the resolution? no, he did not, he *could* not. But, although he was going to walk with her, and a fair opportunity would be afforded him to plead at the shrine of his idolatry, and possibly even Maria herself might suspect a word or two on the sweet subject of love, as what woman would not in such a case, yet he was very *firmly* determined not to do so if it appeared in the least disagreeable to Maria, deeming it more prudent for this to be done at some other time. On their way she remarked that the queen had been her friend from infancy, and that she had complained because Washington had not called to see her on his way to the Loggstown council, and to Fort Le Boeuf. "I then promised her that when you returned I would accompany you to her residence. And now I go with you to keep my word, and, as I believe you do not speak the Indian tongue, to be also your interpreter, should you not object." "Object to *your* being my interpreter, Miss Frazier," he replied, "my *delight* will—but pardon me, I must restrain the expression of my feelings; I do not indeed speak In-

dian, and shall be *very* happy to be assisted by you, and by *none* other. Should I not see this queen, I should think myself deficient in duty, for my country will soon require as many friends in this quarter as it may be in our power to make, as very soon there will be a hateful war between the French and the united colonies; and oh, Maria, he continued, ere the nations draw the sword, I wish with all my soul that you were safe out of this wilderness." "Why do you wish so?" rejoined Maria, affecting a tone of simple surprise; (this was a hard spot,) "here live my parents, and this is my home; to run away, therefore, you could not suppose either pardonable or possible." "I only speak the ardent wish of my heart," returned Washington, "and that too without having any rational ground on which to explain it. But the time *may* come—oh pardon me, I may not trouble you with my anticipations—you may not feel them agreeable, and, alas, they may *never* be realized." "But yonder is the queen's residence," said Maria, "she will, I suppose, be awaiting our arrival, as I have told her you are here."

Much conversation passed between the queen and Washington, by means of the beautiful interpreter, whose fluency in the Indian tongue, as well as the French, he wonderfully admired; but especially the Indian, as that uncouth guttural and monosyllabic tongue slid from the lively and sweet toned voice of Maria, almost in the character of a new language, and as good a one for the god Cupid to converse in as any other. At the end of this talk with the Shenandoah queen, Washington and her tawny majesty exchanged belts of wampum, and besides this *national* etiquette of the belts, he gave, as complimentary to her individual self and queenship, a number of *gold* rings and other presents, suited to the taste of the royal squaw, securing thereby, as well as by his extremely affable behavior on *that* occasion, the everlasting love and friendship of this queen of the woods, as well as of her warriors.

When several hours had passed in her hut and about the premises, they took their leave of the very interesting old female sachem, and addressed themselves toward the residence of Frazier, being highly delighted with their visit.

Here again was renewed the temptation of addressing Maria on the subject of his love for her, and was pondering a little whether, as he had that day seen much of her manners toward himself, and all of the most winning description, whether he might not, even in view of his Mede and Persian like resolution of yesterday, again address her on that subject. But just then, and at the very instant when he had made up his mind that she was certainly actuated towards him from some dearer sentiment than mere good manners, and when his heart had already indicted the *matter*, and its ever ready minister, the tongue, was about to attack the soul of Maria on the sweet subject of all its master's hopes, she gave a suppressed scream, occasioned by the discovery, that moment, of a large company of white men all mounted on horses, winding their way at some distance from them along the shores of the Monongahela, and

coming directly towards her. This occurrence was a complete barrier to the utterance of the burning thoughts of his soul, at that time. He now remarked, in reply to Maria's exclamation of surprise, that no doubt they were the second Ohio company, from Philadelphia, which he had understood were to be sent out that year, with the view of trading with the Indians. The naming Philadelphia, and the coming of this troop from *that* place, sent a thrill through the nerves of Maria, so that she fancied she could hear her own ears ring, as she knew, almost to a certainty, that her glorious Charles was among them, and it did not suit her feelings exactly to be seen walking with a gallant gentleman in so secluded a place, on meeting with her lover, after so long a lapse of time.

In a half minute or so, Maria and her attendant had come to the path which intersected the road to Frazier's, where she suddenly stopped, and by her change of color and other tokens of agitation, betrayed considerable inquietude. Washington saw this, yet he attributed it entirely to the sudden discovery of so many strangers there in the woods. "Fear nothing," said the noble youth, in a voice so soothing and tender that the most stupid in the gifts of apprehension would have seen in a moment that his very soul was brooding, like a fond dove over his charge; "fear nothing, they are friends." "I do not fear," she replied, "I know they are friends, and that——" Here she suddenly held her peace, as at that instant Charles Adderly had rounded a point in the path, hidden by thick trees, riding on a full trot, and had come suddenly upon Maria and the youthful Washington.

Such was the emergency of the moment, that instead of swooning away from extreme agitation and flurry of feelings, she assumed, as the great in mind can always do, her own natural self-command, to receive the man she adored in a proper and composed manner. By this time Charles had alighted, but with feelings of considerable alarm at heart, though not betrayed on his countenance, or in his manners, and stepped rapidly, though deferentially, to the presence of Maria and Washington, taking the extended hand of the former, they exchanged civilities, but in quite a different manner than would have been the case had there been no one present but themselves.

At this point of etiquette, stepping a little back, so as partially to face both the gentlemen, she said, "Mr. Adderly, this is a friend, Mr. Washington, from Virginia." In the most cordial and ardent manner the two heroes grasped each other by the hand, being happy thus to meet, as *fame* had already made them acquainted; not suspecting in the least that they were each other's determined rivals in the love of the beautiful being they were then gazing upon.

Here Washington hastily reverted to the reasons of being in the wilderness, and to the failure of his mission, as well as to the visit he had just made to the female sachem of the Shenandoah's, and that Miss Frazier had acted as his interpreter, and from thence easily slid to topics

of general conversation and interest, of the most lively and sociable character. Soon the whole troop arrived, when the good and hospitable Irishman had full employment, wishing to do all he could toward accommodating his visitors. It was, however, impossible for him to lodge them all in beds, he therefore proposed their camping down on the floor in the various ground rooms of his house.

During the residue of that day and the evening, it was difficult for the lovers to have but little conversation, except in a general kind of way, yet the language of glances, which has no sound, told each to the other that all was *safe* and *true*. As soon as it was day, the fires of the east chimnies of Frazier's house were blazing, at which the already risen troops prepared their breakfast, hastening this very necessary item in their affairs, in order to an early departure.

During the culinary preparations of the morning, Washington and Captain Adderly, for such he was, even of the second Ohio company, had much private conversation, but wholly devoted to the interests of the country, the certainty of the war with the French and their Indians, and of the best place to build a fort for the *immediate* protection of the adventurers, lest unwarily they should be cut off as they had been the year before. Washington remarked to Captain Adderly, that, in his opinion, the best site for a new fort was at the junction of the two rivers, the Monongahela and Alleghany, a place which he had already examined, and, in his opinion, offered more facilities of situation than any other portion of the country. Adderly saw in a moment the great advantages of this place, determined therefore to follow the advice, so high had his esteem risen for the skill and judgment of Washington, in matters of war, since the day before, notwithstanding the momentary flash of jealousy which had crossed his mind on finding him in the company of his betrothed wife—that thought had passed away.

But now the time had come that these newly created friends must part, Adderly and his men to erect the fort, and Washington to Virginia. In the order, however, of matters that morning, it so happened that Washington did not get ready to commence his journey as soon as did the Captain, who had contrived a private adieu to Maria, and was away, rejoicing in the prospect of a speedy return.

The young Virginian, however, lingered but little, as he had purposed not as yet to make a formal declaration of his passion toward Maria, and sought, therefore, but a few minutes conversation ere he should depart. These few moments he improved merely by saying—"Miss Frazier, dear Madam, I must now bid you farewell for a *time*, but oh God forbid that it should be forever, may that good Being keep you as the apple of his eye, in the hollow of his hand of Providence." Maria became deadly pale, while a tear came to her eyes in spite of all she could resist, rendering it nearly impossible for her to respond to his good wishes in a proper and respectful manner. But, as he let go her hand, which he had ventured to kiss but *once*,

and for the very *first* time, he placed therein a sweet little volume of *Shenstone's poems*, bound in red and gold, saying—"this volume has for many months been my constant companion. Its author was one who was ever enamored of that sylvan seclusion which you here enjoy in such perfection, so far as *nature* is concerned. He was also one who keenly felt and sweetly described the tenderest and dearest of all passions. I have marked with a pencil those passages which I shall often call to mind when at a distance from you, and oh! may I request that for my sake you will sometimes read them. They will describe to you the feelings which, until I see you again, will strongly agitate this bosom," placing his hand upon his heart. So saying, the final adieu was responded as he left her and the bright fields of Gilbert Frazier, amid the wilds. Had not Maria been before convinced, by the conduct of her illustrious visitor, that he loved her, the lines in that author, to which he had referred, combined with the *manner* of his bidding her farewell, left her now no room to doubt. But in her *heart* she found no answering passion; all she could afford him was a tender pity. Charles Adderly reigned in that bosom paramount—he was fondly her own, and she was as fondly his.

Adderly having encamped his men on the destined spot for a fort and having set them hurriedly at work, soon found time to visit his Maria. Previous to his going to the home of his father, the year before, after having won the heart of the maid of the forest, Charles Adderly had deplored the impossibility of his marriage with her, on account of a want, as he supposed, of the proper officer—a priest; this difficulty he had contrived to remove, by bringing with him a clergyman of the order of the church of England. He was therefore now sure that the prize he had so long struggled for was within his reach. This matter, therefore, which was of so much importance to him, Charles immediately pressed with energy, supposing that, in the mind of Maria Frazier, there could be no objection to the accomplishment of their mutual desires in the shortest space of time.

But, strange to relate, this very thing she resolutely declined. Do not be alarmed, courteous reader, it was not because she did not love with all her heart, this same Captain Adderly, but because there was wanting the *knowledge* and *approbation* of his father, who, she had heard, was rich and opulent; and, therefore, no doubt was also proud, disdainful, and haughty. How, therefore, could she ever consent to the marriage under such circumstances. How could she, being poor, obscure, and but a child of the forest, and even an orphan whose parentage was unknown, her very father having died as a deranged person in the woods, or was roving as a maniac among the wild beasts and the Indians, how could she, situated thus, allow herself to be presented to the aristocratic house of Adderly, in the great city of Philadelphia. No, no, she had rather remain forever in the wilds of the Monongahela.

Against this resolution, and these most frightful surmisings, Charles strove by the use of all

the arguments he could think of, but without effect. He urged that as he was an only child of his only parent, he would be pleased with any choice of a wife himself saw fit to make. He represented the effect her matchless beauty and unrivalled accomplishments would have on the mind of his father, as well as the society with whom she would associate; it was therefore impossible that anything could arise to grieve her from that quarter. "And even if there should not," said Maria, "yet, as I love the son, why should I dishonor his father. Would it not be an implied disrespect, were I under any pretence whatever to force myself upon his notice, unknown to him as I am; oh no, my Charles, should I do so, it were even to dishonor *you*. From your own nobleness of nature, your high sense of rectitude and propriety, I am instructed that such also is your father; it is therefore impossible for your Maria to violate her sense of the rights of honor and etiquette; no, no, I can never go to the presence of that venerated parent, unknown, unloved and uninvited; his consent to our marriage you will procure, or our union, though my life should pay the forfeit, can never take place: had you no parent it would be a different matter."

When her lover had heard these reasons as the ground of her objection to an immediate marriage, he could but approve, although it both grieved and disappointed him; yet, if possible, he loved her the more, as it was evident that the sacrifice of immediate happiness was as great on the part of Maria as on his own. And besides this he began to be aware how essential it was that no step should be taken that could in its remotest tendencies prejudice the happiness of future years. But, although he saw the rich propriety of Maria's severity on the subject, yet how could he wait another year for the consummation of all he held desirable on the earth, the possession of the hand of the sweet orphan of the wilderness.

It was but a day or two after this, when, as Captain Adderly was sitting on a projecting rock that overhung the Monongahela, near the newly erecting fort, busy with his own thoughts, he heard behind him the sound of footsteps. He turned suddenly and beheld the majestic form of Tonnaleuka coming toward him, whom he had not seen since his return to the wilderness. He sprang to his feet, exceedingly happy to meet with the venerated Prophet again. He had no doubts, but by the aid and advice of Maria's instructor and almost father, he should prevail with her to an immediate union, notwithstanding her already expressed determination on that matter, because he had brought with him an *ordained priest*, for the very purpose, as before related. Here too Charles was doomed to be disappointed, for Tonnaleuka very much approved of Maria's resolution—"and besides this," said the sacred Indian. "there is another reason why you ought not to marry her now; you are this moment on the eve of a battle, being surrounded by blood thirsty savages, if I must so speak of my own people, who exceed your numbers full ten to one. Maria is far more safe, as the child of

Frazier, and in his house, than she could possibly be with you, for the Indians all love and will protect that good Irishman. No, no, it will not do, for I have come to warn you that the enemy is near—you have no time to lose—instantly make your fort as secure as possible, where you may be in a measure safe, while out of it you will be cut to pieces.”

Here the Prophet left him as suddenly as he had come upon him, a prey to grief, disappointment and dread, lest he might be cut off, and the treasure of his soul be left unprotected, and to become the wife of some other man, an idea too horrible for endurance. On the same day one of his scouts came in, stating that he had discovered a heavy force of French and Indians, making their way rapidly toward the fort, which he had no doubt was to be the object of their fury. Adderley had but a few of the Indians of king Shingiss and his sweet heart queen Alliquippa with him; the rest stood aloof, for fear of the French and the Indians in alliance with them. By the time the sun had set, the whole force had arrived, whose intentions were to annihilate the fort, capture and kill the English within it, as well as any Indians they might find aiding them. Adderley's strength did not amount to over seventy men, natives and all, while the French were full five hundred strong. They did not, however, seem inclined to molest the English that night, but occupied themselves in cooking their supper, drinking and yelling, while the whole force had disposed itself in such a manner as prevented their escape. This was a doleful time, as all night long their yells were heard, like a thousand wolves watching a fold of lambs, the inmates of which had no eyes for sleep. As soon as it was day the woods were seen from the fort to be alive with painted warriors, mingled among the French, whose burnished guns and bayonets glittered in the rays of the rising sun, as he darted his golden beams through the thick forest.

Charles and his men were now every moment expecting the attack, but while thus in suspense, there was seen a man approaching with a white flag, who was met by Adderley a little distance off, as it were not good policy to let him into the fort, to learn its weakness, and then to carry the news to the enemy. The flag bearer stated that he was sent to demand a surrender of all his men, arms, and baggage, to Monsieur St. Pierre, commandant of his majesty's forces, the king of all the French, at fort Le Bœuf. And in return, if he would do so, their lives should be preserved, but they must be sent to Canada as prisoners of war, and possibly to France.

These terms were rejected, for, if he should be defeated, they could scarcely be any worse, he therefore determined to fight it out. The truce had barely returned, when there was opened upon the little fort a heavy fire of musquetry. But so well did the men under Adderley single out their victims, from between the logs, that of the enemy, there was many a one who bit the ground in death. The two commanders soon saw the havoc Adderley

was making among their men, and that if this continued they should be cut to pieces, drew off a large body of the Indians in two companies, one party leaping down the bank of the Alleghany the other the Monongahela, and proceeded to points where Adderley could not defend himself with equal effect, as the fort at those places had not been so well built up, depending on the great height and steepness of the banks. At these points, ere Adderley was aware of it, the enemy in great numbers were upon him. He now left the fort, and met them as they were struggling to ascend, where the contest became severe, as the English tumbled about thirty of them down the banks the first shot. But directly, as many of Adderley's men had fallen, the residue were so cooped up, the enemy rushing upon their rear, that they were all taken, who were alive, there having been about one half killed and six wounded, among whom, was the captain himself. The wound of Charles, however, was but slight, the ball having merely cut its way through the fleshy parts of his thigh. Of the poor Delawares, there were about a dozen who fell in the fight, among whom was their noble hearted king. The French, although victorious, lost more men than out numbered the whole of Adderley's force, and as many more were wounded.

The prisoners, such as were not wounded, were immediately sent, under a strong guard, to Fort Le Bœuf, while Charles with his crippled companions, were left in the fort they had assayed to build, until such time as his wound should be healed, protected by a small guard left for that purpose. Soon after the defeat, and the withdrawal of the French and Indians from the scene of action, Tonnaleuka visited the prisoner Captain Adderley, by whom, he heard from Maria, and the state of her feelings when she knew the little fort was about to be attacked by a superior force. No one could describe the awful agitation of her mind. She was incessantly alone, beseeching the God of her being to preserve the life of Charles, as without him, she found the earth, and life, and all were of but little consequence to her. But as soon as it was told her that he was a prisoner only, and that his life was safe, she became cheerful and deeply thankful; as she knew that sooner or later he would be free, as he was in the hands of a civilized enemy.

Here Captain Adderley's patience was put to a severe trial, as he had the prospect of a long and tedious captivity before him; and worse than all, he should soon be compelled to be removed to a distant part of the county, full sixty miles off, and confined in the fortress of Fort Le Bœuf, and possibly sent at last quite to France.

After remaining where he was till his wounds were healed, which was a week or so, he was hastened rapidly away, to be put in close confinement, as above suggested. The guard consisted of six men, and being well equipped and provisioned for the journey, proceeded on merrily as the French would do, even had they been the prisoners themselves. They had been nearly two days on their way, when, in the af

ternoon of the second day, having gone as far as to Bear creek, where they soon intended to encamp for the night, which was some forty miles from the place of starting, when all of a sudden the crack of a volley of rifles was heard but a few rods from them. The prisoner had scarcely time to look round when he saw four of the number of the guard, weltering in their blood, as they had fallen by the volley. In a moment after, there was seen as they sprang from the ambush, Paddey Frazier, his brother Archey, Dr. Kilbourn and Peter McFall, three of whom seizing the loaded guns of those who were fallen, took after the two survivors of the guard, who had fled, and dispatched them, while the fourth one, namely, Archey, cut the cords of Captain Adderly, which tied his right arm fast across the bosom, leaving the rest of his limbs free, or he could not have traveled in the woods at all. This was a happy moment, as he found himself once more a free man. The dread of a long captivity at Fort Le Bœuf or in France, had departed, while in its place there rose up in his mind the ecstatic belief, that ere many hours he should behold Maria Frazier. This belief was soon realized, for the next day about night he arrived, together with his four deliverers, laden with the guns and other plunder of the six they had killed, safe within the sanctuary of the happy Irishman.

In this dear asylum Charles Adderly soon forgot all his sorrows, as he rioted in mental delight and bathed in the very fountain of joy, as he gazed at and followad with his eyes the beauteous being of his adoration. But it was not so with Maria, for she well knew that very soon the escape of Adderly and the death of the guard would be known, when a pursuit by Indians and their coadjutors the French, would take place, and that her father's house would become suspected, and no doubt strictly examined, and the inmates perseveringly questioned. On this account Maria proposed that he should immediately leave the country, or deeply disguise himself and hide in some safe place, assuring him that Tonnaleuka knew all the caverns of the mountains.

Charles, howexer, thought there was but little danger of his being pursued, as it was love that blinded him, while on the part of Maria it was love that made her so vigilant for his safety. Charles had been in the society of his worshiped Maria but a day or two, when Tonnaleuka made his appearance, who, without losing time in congratulations, immediately apprised him of present danger, as that the French had sent out a heavy party after him. This very hour, said the Prophet, you must go with me, if you wish in future years to enjoy the society of Gilbert Frazier's daughter, as death is now on your track in the form of a numerous band of Indians, led on by the intriguing French. Maria also urged him to the measure, when he submitted. Immediately following his guide he left the house in an agony of distress. But as he was departing the words of Maria comforted him, for she said, be patient my dear Charles, and submit to this in-

convenience; the Prophet, you know, is my friend and yours, and oh! may God be so too, and bring you again to me in safety.

The Prophet now immediately struck off into the woods, although it was late in the evening, and steering northward from Frazier's along the right bank of Turtle creek, they followed this stream till they got in among the deep ravines and mountainous ranges of its upper waters. On coming to a certain place, they left the creek and scrambling up a steep place, soon reached the ridge which they followed along on its summit for a mile or two, then descended into a deep hollow and crossing this in a slanting direction, came to another range of ledgy and precipitous ascents. They followed on in this direction till they came against the perpendicular face of the mountain of solid rock, where their journey seemed to be at an end. Here the Prophet turned a little to the left, where in a kind of gully were growing very thickly a range of brushwood, white birch, black alders, spruce laurel and hemlock, presenting an ascending gulf of the gloomiest character, running quite to the top of the mountain. Into this he now made his way, when after ascending a rod or two, he came beneath an overhanging projection of the mountain, where taking hold of a thick branched heavy topped, low hemlock tree, he pulled it down on one side, turning up the roots, where there appeared an opening large enough to receive the body of a man. Into this they both made their way, descending what seemed to be stone steps, as if they had been placed there by art, down some twenty feet into the bowels of the mountain, in a lateral or slanting direction, coming finally to a large and roomy place, having the natural rock for a floor. This was the bottom of the cave, where the Prophet for the first time had spoke a word since they had left Frazier's, which was to request captain Adderly to remain where he was till he should bring a light. He was gone some time, when from a distance there appeared the glimmerings of a torch made of pine nots, coming slowly towards the spot where he was waiting. As soon as he came near enough, son, said the Prophet, draw that rope *hard* and make it fast, which reaves through that pully; it will bring back the roots of the hemlock to their proper place, and hide the mouth of the cave so perfectly that no Indian or other hunter would ever suspect the mouth of a cavern in that place. It was by accident that the prophet many years before discovered it as he was endeavoring to pull himself up the mountain in that place, the hemlock being then young and much smaller, easily gave way, when he saw the entrance and made his way into it. Finding it a spacious and roomy hollow place in the mountain, once no doubt filled with water, but now by some means was diverted another way, left it unoccupied. The Prophet, therefore reduced it to order, by displacing fragments of stone, &c. till it suited his views as a hiding place in times of emergency. From this first entrance room Charles followed the mysterious Indian through a long

narrow passage between the rocks, which terminated in a room still larger, more dry and elevated, having a comfortable floor of rock, and otherwise more regularly shaped than the first. In a corner of this apartment there was a fire place, the smoke of which, when there was a fire in it, escaped through the fissures of the mountain above, disappearing among innumerable crags. This room he saw had several articles of furniture, such as three or four stools, a small table, a chest, some shelves fitted in one side of the room, attached to the shelley projections of the cave. Sit down captain Adderly, said the Prophet, you are now in my own abode, and safe from all harm. I must warm it, as the centre of a mountain can be but damp at the best, even though the weather were hot on the outside. At hand there was a plenty of fagots already prepared, from which, when laid in the fire place and ignited, soon shot forth the genial heat. In a short time the Prophet from a chest set forth his little refreshments, dipping with a tin cup from a clear fountain or rivulet, cold water, which after appearing for a few feet sank into a chasm, which was their drink, as the Prophet belonged to the highest order of temperate men. But of this cheer the disconsolate young man found it impossible to partake, although it was good and served up in very proper order—he had lost his appetite.

Here the Prophet rallied his guest a little by saying that he was at liberty to return when he would, as no doubt there was still a rich opportunity for him to be captured by the French. But, said he in continuance, and becoming solemn, if you love Maria Frazier, you will for her sake, endure a little trouble, rather than be lost to her forever, as if you allow yourself to be taken, an immediate execution by torture will be your fate, and not even the arm of Tonnaleuka can save you, on account of the death of the guard who were conducting you to Fort Le Boeuf. He now took up a light and beckoning Charles to follow, they entered through a door which Adderly had not before noticed, into a small room, far more comfortable than the other, and where there was a bed of the first order. Here said the Prophet you can rest, and having pronounced a blessing upon the afflicted young man, he left him to his dreams. He merely laid off his outer garments, and then turned down the clothes to retire to his rest, if rest he could, when behold! a letter neatly folded and tied with a blue ribbon, in a true-lover's knot, directed to captain Charles Adderly, mountain cave, care of the Prophet Tonnaleuka, laid there. This he knew, as soon as his eye had glanced over the superscription, to be the hand writing of Maria; and placed there, no doubt, by the agency and kindness of the Prophet. That letter, when he had read it, he found all written over with assurances of love, as deathless as is the immortal soul. Oh! what a happiness was this? It was enough. He felt that he could endure ages in the mountain with such assurances, were it impossible to enjoy them any where else. In this state of mind he addressed himself to sleep, barely glancing

one thought on the strangeness of Maria's knowing how to tie the lover's knot, seeing she had no one to learn her, concluding as he fell asleep that such kinds of things were instinctive in woman's nature.

This arrangement, the hiding of captain Adderly, had scarcely been completed, when, as Paddy reported it, the Indians had found by the means of their dogs, the bodies of the six men who had the charge of the prisoner, and of necessity an immediate search would be set on foot to recapture him. The Chiefs of all the tribes who were known to be leaning in friendship toward the English were examined, and the Indian oath, (sworn on their medicine bag, a thing as sacred among them as was the ark of the Hebrews,) required of them that they were ignorant of his escape. In this search, after all, the French seemed never to have suspected the family of Frazier of being any way accessory to the escape of Adderly, and therefore came not near it. At length the search was given over, supposing Captain Adderly had some how escaped out of the wilderness by the assistance of unknown friends, and had gone to Philadelphia.

Now when Tonnaleuka was sure that the search was over, he allowed Maria to visit the cave. But during the time of the search, there had passed by the hands of Tonnaleuka, between the lovers, many a letter, but now she was allowed to visit him in person, in answer to the reiterated pleas of Charles that she should do so. Her first visit was conducted by the Prophet himself, as no creature knew of this hiding place except Paddy Frazier, and at that time Captain Adderly. Tonnaleuka had shown her the way, so far as to the roots of the hemlock, which he had left unfastened for the occasion, and had pulled it down and directed her how to descend, and then to find her way through the first part, the long dark passage, and finally to the very room of her lover, while he went on over the ridge, choosing not to witness their meeting, as possibly their happiness might thereby be interrupted.

Thus directed she had no trouble, further than the groping her way in the dark, when with a noiseless tread she came quite to the entrance of the place where Charles was; who, she saw sitting by the little table, with his face in his hands, bowed down, and his back toward her. Here she listened a minute or so, her heart throbbing at such a rate, that she feared he would hear it there in the profound silence of the cave. He sighed heavily, and then he prayed—thanking God for all his mercies and deliverances, but above all that in his holy Providence the vision of that angelic being, the sweet flower of the wilderness, that lamb of innocence, his heart's best delight, whose wisdom love and council had watched over his safety; Oh, God! preserve her, and allow me soon to see her, and soon to take her forever to this faithful heart. At that instant he heard a rustling as of the motion of the winds on loose garments. Looking up, and as was natural turned his eyes in the direction of the door, and lo! there was the object of all his

solicitude, swooned and fallen to the ground. In a moment he comprehended the whole matter, and had taken her to his arms, and sprinkling her face with water she sighed long and tremulously ; then opened her eyes to her situation. At this discovery, if certain parts of the human body called the *arms* were ever of any use, it was on this occasion, as they fondly locked each other's persons in long and rapturous embraces, while he bestowed more kisses upon her heavenly face, than a child just learning to enumerate could count in an hour. At length when it was possible for him to speak, he cried, Ah! Maria, my precious one! oh, how happy! Have you come at last, to cheer your Charles in his solitude? gazing all the while on her face and in her eyes, as it is said the eagle gazes at the sun, growing every moment more and more enchanted as he did so.

At length, when his smothering kisses would allow her she said, blooming in beauty, for now the color had leaped rapidly to her face, I have, dear Charles, ventured, with the permission of Tonnaleuka, to indulge at this time with a visit, because I believe the danger leading to your discovery is now much diminished. I thank God that you have so long escaped ; for your enemies were dreadfully enraged at the slaughter of their companions the guard. Oh, Charles, it was well that you had such a place of refuge, for had they found you they would have instantly murdered you.

During an hour or so that they were thus alone, a hundred topics of sweet conversation were glanced at, and a hundred times the assurances of faithful love were exchanged. But in the midst of their joy as well as sorrow, the footsteps of the prophet were heard in the passage ; who, the moment he entered the room, said, Hail to you my children, I am glad that you are here in safety. But alas ! dangerous times are coming, when the two most powerful nations on the earth will combathere and cause the most secret depths of the wilderness to ring with the fury of the fray.

Here in the cave Charles renewed his entreaties for the consent of the Prophet to allow him to carry Maria with him to Philadelphia, as soon as it should be safe for him to go ; as it was now impossible for him to be married to her, allowing Maria had been acquiescent, as the clergyman he brought with him was then at fort Le Bœuf, having been carried thither, under safe conduct without harm, in virtue of his holy calling. But this the Prophet would not consent to, for reasons of impropriety of the most glaring character. Such a step was impossible. Here the lovers were compelled to separate, Maria going with Tonnaleuka to her home, while Charles was left in the cave.

Now it was soon known in Virginia, Philadelphia, and over the whole United Colonies, that the second Ohio Company had been cut off, and that Capt. Adderly was then a prisoner in fort Le Bœuf. That he had escaped, was not known, beyond the family of Frazier, on which account he was considered, as above, a prisoner. This news threw the whole country into a ferment ; the cry every where was, for

war—war with the French, and their allies the Indians. From these symptoms, Washington was assured in his own heart, that a war with that nation was now inevitable, as well as highly expedient. But oh the very centre of that war would be carried on in the neighborhood of his beloved Maria, from whom, notwithstanding his extreme interest in her fate, he had received no encouragements verging toward love, beyond the most tender and respectful politeness ; yet he would not believe, but he could win her at last.

Confident in the accomplishment of this thing, he determined on an immediate visit to the wilderness, to offer her his heart and his hand in marriage, and withal, if she accepted his love, to remove the whole family to the heights of Mount Vernon, to be forever under his protection. This was no sooner devised, than he set about its execution, taking with him but one person, his faithful Indian interpreter Vanbram, both well mounted, provisioned and armed. The journey was soon performed, as they met with no accident on the way. It was late in the evening when they arrived at the house of Frazier, who made them exceedingly welcome, as well as every member of the family ; Maria in particular, though it was evident to the watchful eye of Washington, that a cloud overshadowed her naturally buoyant spirit ; but he could not believe that it was occasioned by pity for him.

Being weary, the travelers soon retired to rest ; but on the part of Washington, not to sleep, as his mind, his hopes and fears were in perpetual commotion. The stake he was about to cast, was a stake for the happiness of a whole life, as it related to the affections of his heart, and the choice of a wife, a point in every man's horiscope of terrestrial matters, of the utmost importance. The day had not streaked the eastern sky, when the lover had risen, and was walking on the margin of Turtle creek, musing of the best means by which to win the heart of Maria, as he had now become determined to know the utmost of his fate, be the same propitious or adverse. Alas, he said, if this most lovely of mortal beings refuses my love, ah, me! how wretched I shall be ; my heart, desolate and forlorn, will bleed forever at the desolation of its hopes.

Here we hesitate to pursue his musings further, for in the depths of his soul he seemed to commit his case in supplication, even to God, to aid him in his desires.

When he returned the family had risen, Maria was occupied here and there in the affairs of the morning, the breakfast, &c. His eyes followed her every where, carrying forward in his heart the work of admiration. He saw that every turn and gesture was gracefulness and ease. Whether she presided in the management of cookery, over the morning meal, or displayed her talents in polite society and conversation, it was the same—she excelled in all. Oh, he said in his heart, that she was the mistress of my house ; how doubly dear and delightful would be the groves and fields of Mount Vernon.

But the pain of suspense on this subject was to be continued yet a little longer, as the breakfast was scarcely over when there came a runner from the camp of Queen Allequippa, stating that she was dying, and wished to see her adopted daughter before her departure to the happy hunting grounds of the setting sun. All possible haste was now made by Maria, to comply with the request. She was accompanied by Washington on this kindly errand, but such was the state of her mind on the occasion, that he thought it would be untimely and ungentlemanly to speak of his wishes as yet, nor perhaps for several days, till her grief for the loss of this early friend should in a measure subside.

They found the Queen, surrounded by her people, who loved her almost to veneration, awaiting in solemn silence, while she feebly chanted the death-song, the mysteries and meaning of which are unknown to the whites, addressing herself to the journey of the dead. On beholding Maria, she motioned her to her side, and faintly said, that it was once her intention that Maria should be Queen of the tribe, but it did not please the Manito. While saying this she held Maria by the hand, who wept profusely, for the queen had renewed the song, which grew fainter and more faint, until her voice faded away like the last moanings of the Æolian harp.

A few days after this event, towards evening, when all nature seemed to rejoice and to invite admiration, Washington desired Maria to indulge him with her company during a ramble along the Monongahela, resolving in his heart to make the great attempt of winning her love, if such a thing were possible. She very readily responded to this request, although sorrow was yet visible on her countenance, occasioned by the loss of her Indian friend. This state of feeling was eminently favorable to the design of Washington, as her feelings at that time seemed to call for the exercise of the talent which her partner in this ramble possessed in an extraordinary degree, and that was, the power of soothing the afflicted.

Indeed, it may be said with truth, that the depths of his mind, when fathomed, were always found to partake more of the solemn cast than of levity; and even when known to indulge in pleasantry, or repartee, yet this tincture of character was easily discovered. On that day, therefore, the sorrowfulness of Maria and Washington's *natural* turn of mind happily agreed, so that they soon became deeply interested in each other, ere they were aware of it. We cannot deny, however, notwithstanding the perfect uprightness of her companion's character, that in *this* case he did resort to the aid of stratagem, as who would not in a case so important—a case of desperate love. The stratagem, after all, however, consisted only in his leading Maria to a place, which, of all others, was best calculated to affect her feelings favorably toward Washington, especially when improved upon by the person most concerned, and best qualified to be most deeply and impressively eloquent on the occasion. That

place, to which he led her, was the foot of the walnut tree, on the bank of the river, where he at first saw her, as she was occupied in reading Thompson's Seasons, as before related.

HERE, Maria, said Washington, when they had arrived at the delectable spot, is the place where I first beheld the enchanting vision of your person, and from that moment to this, the bright image that you then impressed upon my mind has never, no, not for a moment, left it—ah! never, never, will it leave it. Here, in this holy place, do I commit myself to you in love, the adored image of my heart, and sue with all the fervor of my soul, that you should be able to see your happiness in responding to my desires.

Mr. Washington, said Maria, turning deadly pale, and leaning upon his arm as if she could scarcely support herself, I do not doubt your assertion, for I know that your mind is superior to flattery, and that your heart and tongue do always go together. And because I believe you, and esteem you so deeply and sincerely as to feel an ardent desire for your welfare, I will candidly say, that I am sorry and distressed, that you should have viewed me in the light you have. Oh, Maria, he interrupted, do not use these killing words. How can you, if you *esteem* me, and wish for my welfare, regret that which has afforded me the sweetest sensations of my life? Oh, Maria, do not say you are sorry for that.

Alas, Mr. Washington, she replied, if I respected you less, I should feel less sorrow on this *grievous* subject, for you *deserve* to be happy, and to make you so, the woman of your choice should be capable of loving you, with an ardor equal to your own—with an ardor of which I feel, and must forever feel, myself incapable. It is my earnest wish that you should bestow upon a more suitable object, those affections which I feel cannot be answered in my heart.

Another object, another choice, one *more* worthy, did you say?—No, let Heaven hear me, that unless thou dost peremptorily and finally refuse to be my wife, I shall never form any other choice. Oh, Maria, wilt thou not become mine, the partner of my love, the mistress of my fortune, the fondly cherished wife of my bosom, the dear, the sweet source of all my earthly happiness—oh, Maria, wilt thou not?

Mr. Washington, she cried, greatly agitated, excuse me, but I must speak to undeceive you—or—or—rather to remind you, that I have already said, that I can feel for you every thing but love—alas, that—that alone, is impossible, and without *love*, how could I assent to the proposal with which you honor me? Without my heart, would my hand be worth possessing? If I could not love, would you not always grieve; and I, too, should be the most miserable of beings.

If you *could not love*, would I not *always* grieve—repeating her words—O yes, I should *always* grieve; but *time, time*, he replied, oh Maria—time, and my continued assiduities, would at last excite your pity for a love so

true; then pity would ere long ripen into love; you could not, it is not in your nature, always to resist.

But the voice in which these words were said—the *attitude*, the flashing of his eyes, which all at once expressed grief, ardor, love, patience, and undying hope, all, all forced to their utmost bounds; it was enough to wring a response of love from a heart of stone. Was Maria Frazier, that most sensitive of maidens, without feelings on this occasion! Oh no, for had she been a weeping willow, in the month of June, when the sweet juices of every tree yield up their treasures, and endowed with sense and reason, the very bark of every limb and twig would have wrung and twisted from the parent stock, in acquiescence to his pleadings for her love; but as it was, being engaged, how could she? for when woman's heart is once fixed, it were as well to plead with the planets to be your playmates, as to change her mind.

But had she no regard for this matchless wooer, whose extreme elegance of person and captivating manners were all that the proudest heart of woman could desire! Surely she had—hear what she said in reply, as her head was bowed nearly to the ground, while the tears were flowing profusely.

Ah, sir, she said, you *know* not, you *cannot* know my feelings on this subject. You may charge me with cruelty—alas, sir, I am *not* cruel; and that I feel pity for you just now, Heaven is my witness. But *love* I cannot, Heaven also knows. And yet—here her thoughts became unutterable, while they flitted through her soul, that if she had never seen her Charles, then *possibly* she might have loved; but these were very, *very* secret thoughts.

Maria, said Washington: as he gathered heart a little—Maria, *indeed*, my love, I do not understand you. You say that you *pity* me, but you *cannot* love. Here is a *mystery*; but I will *hope* against that killing word, although you *have* said it, and still shall trust, that *time* and your adoring Washington's grief will soften your heart towards him.

It cannot be, she exclaimed, still deeply agitated, for here the remembrance of Charles passed through her heart, who, that very moment, while she was listening to the offers of another, was sighing in the depths of a mountain cavern, nobly bearing confinement, gloom and suspense, trusting her affections and oft repeated vows. *It cannot be*, she repeated, as the energies of her faithful heart began to rouse from the partial trance she had unconsciously fallen into, while listening to the voice of love, from one so deeply deserving as was George Washington.

By this time they had unwittingly arrived at the house, having taken but little note of time or distance, for it was a hard fought battle as ever happened between *Diana* and the *arrow-armed boy*; but the *huntress* conquered for that time only, as he would not yield his *hope*; this was reserved for another struggle.

Very soon after this Washington took leave of the family in the good old fashioned way, by

shaking hands with every one, so managing it, however, that Maria was the last; when he said—"Oh, Miss Frazier, must I say farewell, and part without a hope—may I not hope at least, may I not—" But from her lips there came no reply, while tears were flowing, yet she could not bid him hope. "God preserve and bless you till we meet again," he added, as he held her hand; to which she said, in a trembling but earnest voice—"Amen"—which went to his heart in a way that said, she is *not* indifferent to my happiness after all. Thus he flattered himself for many an hour, affording to his amiable partner, Vanbram, scarcely a word, so deeply was the lover absorbed in the mystery which seemed to envelop the heart of Maria; but *time*, time will unravel it, I yet shall win. I will watch over her fortunes in the wilderness, for it will not be long ere the horrors of war will surround her, and though heaven itself may have decreed that she cannot be mine, yet will I protect her in the hour of fear.

Such was the excitement now abroad in the colonies, and especially in Virginia, that on his return he found a regiment of four hundred troops ready to march into the enemy's country, and that the command was given to himself, under the title of *lieutenant-colonel*, while a *Mr. Fry*, a man supposed to be expert in Indian warfare, was his senior. Washington, having now received in part the command of these troops, was anxious to proceed, in order at once to capture the fort the French had now erected in the same place, and named Duquesne, where Washington advised Captain Adair to erect one, and where he had been cut off. Could this be accomplished, Washington believed the French would be compelled to leave the country about Frazier's dwelling, and place the war near fort Le Boeuf, Presque Isle, and the plains of Canada.

In about two weeks after receiving this command, under the conduct of the lieutenant-colonel, this little troop penetrated the wilderness as far as to the vale on the east side of the Laurel Hills, in Somerset county, Pa., called the Great Meadows. From this place Washington and his faithful companion, Vanbram, dressed in the Indian costume, set off on foot, in order to learn the exact condition of fort Duquesne. When they had arrived at Turtle Creek he found that Paddy Frazier had just come from the place in question, and was therefore able to afford all necessary information. Paddy stated that although the fort was not entirely finished, yet there was then on the way from fort Le Boeuf an armament of men, amounting to full five hundred, having several cannon and other warlike tools. This was indeed discouraging news, but it must be met, and, if possible, destroyed. On this occasion, and then at the home of Maria, Washington did not fail to urge the necessity of the family's flight toward Virginia, as soon as something decisive respecting the enemy could be determined, and himself should take charge of them, a thing he had before advised, but the excuse was that they were at peace with the enemy, there was, therefore, to them no danger.

Maria saw that the heart of Washington was full, and that he was under restraint in relation to free conversation with her; this grieved her, as she could not bear to see the man who was the confidence of the whole colony of Virginia cast down, on the very eve of battle. But what could she do beyond the most tender solicitude for his *personal* comforts, all of which, though not so intended, did but blow the flame to a fiercer fire. On the next day after his arrival, he could not deny himself the gloomy pleasure of wandering away to the shade of the fatal *walnut tree*, where he first saw and first loved the back woods man's daughter, to indulge in his bosom the opposite passions of *hope* and *despair*.

Here, as he reached it and leaned against its trunk, he said—"here it was, while standing in this spot, as I now do, that my eyes caught sight of that sweet vision of light, so unexpected in these woods. There was the place she was reclining, her shoulder resting on the moss of that yellow birch root, which overruns that high and broken rock, descending from thence into the ground. All around, as now, the landscape was fresh and green, the blue sky peering from on high between the boughs, with the Monongahela rippling at her feet. There she was, as, fixed to this place, I listened to the tones of her enchanting voice, as she was reading the story of *Lavina* and *Palæmon*. Ah, I shall never forget the moment when she looked up, and showed me a countenance of more than mortal beauty. What varied sensations, both of joy and grief have surged, as the ocean wave, o'er this bosom in which I now am sinking, for, alas! she refuses my love; and yet, *can it be*, that heaven should have made her so essential to my happiness, and then deny me—I still will hope." All this he had said aloud, as he delighted to hear himself talk of his heart's delight, when a voice sounded in his ears, saying—"My son, I could wish thy hopes were better founded." He turned and beheld close to him the Prophet Tonnaleuka. Washington seized him by the hand, as if he was for the moment beside himself, and exclaimed—"Father, thou knowest the maiden, ah—tell me—thinkest thou, can her heart be ever mine?" "My son," said the Prophet, "the chances are now against thee, but the fates may in the end be favorable, I will neither desire thee to hope nor to despair."

"But, my son, I have another subject to speak of, for which reason I now have sought your company. There is in these woods a person concealed from the enmity of the French and Indians; he is of a generous and daring mind, a Briton, like thyself—and like thyself, a soldier. He has heard of thy coming, with an armed force, and longs to unite with thee against the enemies of the country. Wilt thou receive him?" "With great pleasure, and a hearty welcome," replied Washington; "may I ask his name?" he continued. "CHARLES ADDERLY," returned the Prophet. "Ah, indeed," said Washington, "he is a young man of a gallant spirit, and will be a great acquisition. I have often wondered what had be-

come of Captain Adderly, since his rescue, of which I was informed by Paddy Frazier, but where he was he chose not to relate, for reasons he did not incline to explain. But," said Washington to the Prophet, "where shall I see him?" "Let me first inquire when you intend returning to your camp at the Great Meadows," said Tonnaleuka. "To-night," was the reply; "as it will be moonlight, I need not delay any longer." "Then to-night at ten o'clock he shall meet you here, at the foot of this tree." "It will answer," said Washington. "Farewell, my son," said the Prophet, and disappeared in the direction of Turtle Creek, when Washington returned to Frazier's, to enjoy for the residue of the day, the intoxicating happiness of conversation with Maria, and yet he knew that he must avoid altogether the subject so near to his heart.

It was now midway from noon till night, when Washington returned, but Maria was not there; at least, he could not see her anywhere, and whither she had gone he could not ascertain without a direct breach of good manners, on which account he passed a tedious and melancholy afternoon, in company with Gilbert Frazier and Vanbram the interpreter. As to what had become of Maria, we think the reader can guess who remembers the gloomy cavern of Tonnaleuka. In this gloomy recess, shut out from the light of the sun, she had visited him often, where they had rehearsed a hundred times over, the story of their eventful acquaintance, yet of the addresses of Washington she had said nothing, as she deemed it useless to distress his mind. On this subject Tonnaleuka had been equally guarded, so that the rivals were unknown to each other as such.

This was Maria's last visit to the cave, as she knew all about the engagement of Tonnaleuka, that Charles was to meet Washington at the foot of the walnut tree; on this account the parting of the lovers was of the most interesting character. Whether they should ever meet again was extremely uncertain, as he was now again to engage in the dangers and horrors of war. What could they do but commend each other to the care and keeping of their Creator, praying that they might again meet this side the grave, to be no more separated, as now they were about to be. In taking leave, Charles ventured, even in the presence of the Prophet, to imprint one kiss where he fain would have bestowed a thousand. Adderly was now left alone, while the Prophet accompanied Maria part of the way to her father's house, then returned immediately to the cave, to accompany Charles to the walnut tree as soon as it should be late enough, to make it precisely ten o'clock when they should arrive. On account of the absence of Maria, as before noticed, Washington had passed a gloomy afternoon, but now, as the sun was about going down, she returned, when his feelings became instantly changed for those of a happier description. Washington chided her a little, as a truant, but in the most tender and respectful manner, bewailing the loss of her company for so long a time, requiring no account of the reason of her absence, as

no man living was less obtrusive or suspicious of evil in others than was George Washington.

But the happiness of her company was not allowed him, except a few minutes only; for just then Paddy Frazier came in from fort Duquesne with the news that the French were fully apprised of the presence of the English at the Great Meadows, and that a hundred men were already on their way thither, to reconnoitre Washington's position, strength, &c., commanded by a Major Jummonville.

Washington, on hearing this, instantly bid adieu to Maria, and the house of her father, siezed his rifle, called Vanbram, and was away, though it was night, while Paddy conducted him by a nearer route, passing the walnut tree, where Adderley and the Prophet were already arrived. During the night Washington, Paddy, and Charles, came safely to the Great Meadows, having seen nothing of the French on their way. The garrison was now put in the best order time would permit, to receive the enemy, who were expected every moment.

Scouts were now sent out in various directions, among whom was Paddy, a more vigilant man never existed. Toward night it was discovered that the French were approaching, but that they had encamped for the night about two miles off. The spot they had chosen for the night's repose, was on a small flat piece of ground at the foot of a ridge which came down abruptly to the shore of a small brook, while on the opposite side there was a corresponding ridge of equal height. Here, between these ridges on the little flat above spoken of, they silently prepared their supper, feeling perfectly safe, as the place seemed almost hidden from the wild beasts themselves.

On becoming informed of this fact, Washington immediately determined to take them all prisoners, without shedding blood. To do this he drew out three parties from the little regiment, giving one of them to a trusty officer, while he took the command of another himself, giving the third to Captain Adderley, who secured the gulf below the camp of poor Jummonville. In the morning when the French awoke, they saw themselves entirely surrounded, when Washington demanded a surrender. But the Frenchman, feeling his pride wounded in being thus caught in his own pen, refused to give up, and instantly made ready for the battle.

Paddy seeing this brought his rifle to the eye, and fixing on Jummonville as the mark, instantly set him free from all mortal troubles. The French, when they saw what had taken place, gave themselves immediately up prisoners to the English, who took them to fort Necessity. This small victory being achieved, Washington was extremely anxious to push forward, and, if possible, seize upon Duquesne, and by this means drive the French quite out of the country, who otherwise might prove injurious to the family of Frazier. There was another who also felt equally interested in the happiness of this family, and this was Captain Adderley, though neither of them knew anything of the other's thoughts on that subject.

But the garrison had struck their tents and proceeded but a short distance when they were met by Paddy, who, the instant the hundred French had been taken, went with all haste back to the enemy, not being in the least suspected by them, who he found had been recruited by about a thousand white men and as many Indians, and that this whole force was on its way toward the Great Meadows. Washington, who now had the sole command, as Colonel Fry was dead, ordered a retreat back to fort Necessity, at the Great Meadows, where he had left a hundred men to keep the place in order and to prevent its being destroyed by any straggling Indians.

They had scarcely returned, when to their great joy there arrived two detachments of troops, one from Virginia and the other from the state of New York, which made Washington about six hundred strong; but what was even these wherewith to oppose an army of fifteen hundred men or more. On the next day after their retreat to the fort, the scouts of Washington came in with the intelligence that the enemy were near and in full force as Paddy had reported, and was commanded by one De Villers. But notwithstanding Washington made a gallant defence, as the enemy were approaching on every side, for they had surrounded Fort Necessity. On these accounts he thought it better to capitulate, than to push the battle to its utmost severity, and thus presumptuously to throw away the lives of his men; and such was the diplomatic skill of this great but then young commander, that he obtained security for all his baggage, arms and munitions, with the privilege of returning from the wilderness to Virginia unmolested. This was one of the most singular capitulations ever recorded in the annals of war. A little handful of men, six hundred only, shut up in the hands of full fifteen hundred, and far from any friendly settlements, yet the enemy let them go, when they might have taken all the warlike property or easily have cut them to pieces, yet the skill of Washington in this dangerous situation saved all. [See Paulding's *Life of Washington*, vol. 1, p. 71.]

The lovers were now compelled to leave the wilderness altogether, the one going to Mount Vernon the other to Philadelphia. It was soon known at the house of Frazier, that Washington had been compelled to leave the country, but whether Charles Adderley was one of the number, or whether he had been killed in the skirmishing, none could tell, consequently the sufferings of Maria on his account were inexpressible. Neither Paddy nor Tonnaleuka, were in or near the battle, the former having returned the moment he had furnished Washington with the information that the enemy in great force were near at hand, and the latter had not been there at all; these, therefore, could not solve the secret of his fate. But after a while fortune favored her; for as Paddy her brother was on a trading tour among the Indians, he came across a newspaper, which an Indian had brought from the frontier, wrapped round some article he had plundered: this

the white trader secured, and carried home with him, knowing nothing of its contents. But as the paper was printed in some of the Colonies, Maria seized upon it as if it were of vast value, and in a moment found it was from a press in Philadelphia. But what was her joy when in tracing column after column of the paper with her bright eyes, to see a staring notice that Charles Adderly, Captain of the Ohio fur Company had returned safely to Philadelphia, after a long captivity among the Indians, giving some particulars of his sufferings, and expressing a hope that ere long Captain Adderly would favor the public with a history of his adventures. By this she knew that he was safe, and that doubtless it would not be long before she should see him again, and under happier circumstances than hitherto had been their lot.

No sooner was the arrival of Captain Adderly known in the city than there was great rejoicing among his friends. Parties were made on his account, and balls not a few. Adderly being, as the reader already knows a very handsome man, and of a rich and opulent family, as well as highly accomplished in manners, he was of natural consequence exceedingly popular among the ladies of the Metropolis. But besides this, he had made the tour of Europe, and been in many a battle sore. He had slain with his own hand the great Chipewa Chief, the terrible Carawissa, and withstood single handed a whole troop of savages, as they strove to take him alive, all of which enhanced his character among his fair admirers, equal to the knights of yore, slayers of terrible champions, dragons and wild boars.

Among the ladies of the society in which Captain Adderly moved, there was one, a Miss Arabell Walworth, who was a great beauty, upon whose education and accomplishments there had been no assiduities spared. This young lady had fallen in love with our Captain, at first sight. Mr. Adderly being of a sociable and ardent temperament of mind, returned the fair Arabell's pointed favors in so sincere and courteous a manner, that the really amiable unsophisticated girl, took it all as the evidences of a return of her affections, for she was as artless as she was fair. On these accounts it was soon rumored every where that this was to be a match, while in reality the young man had said nothing to her on the subject of serious love, more than in the way of repartee and pleasantry. The parents of the young people were exceedingly well pleased with the prospect of the union of their children, and had gone so far as to draw up deeds of settlement, as to the amount of property each parent was to give their respective heirs. These preliminaries were known to the young lady, who imagined that all this was done at the request of her beloved Charles. At the same time there was a young gentleman in the city of equal merit with Adderly, and moved in the same circle of society with Arabell Walworth and Captain Adderly. This young man loved Arabell almost to adoration, whom, prior to the arrival of Adderly she esteemed and encouraged; but from the moment of her seeing this

hero of the woods, she abjured the other, whose name was Morely, slighting and almost ill-treating him on every occasion, yet the young man with gentleman-like and enduring patience bore it all, returning good for evil. As to the way she treated this Morely, we will for a moment give the reader a specimen.

On a certain day, Captain Adderly, out of mere commonplace politeness called to pass a few moments in airy conversation with Miss Walworth. A servant received him at the door, saying that Miss Arabell was in the sitting room above, to which without further ceremony Mr. Adderly immediately ascended. But before he had reached the first landing of the stairs, he perceived that the door of the sitting room was ajar, and besides that Miss Walworth was in earnest conversation with some person, and that her voice was rather elevated above the ordinary pitch of her sweet manner of communication. It was very easy to distinguish what she was saying, which was as follows: Sir, that cannot concern you, I think I have a right to bestow my affections, yes, and my hand, too, upon any gentleman I please, and if I have preferred Mr. Adderly, it has been my own pleasure to do so, and I hope Mr. Morely that I am not accountable to you for this preference, or any other conduct of mine. On hearing thus far the music of this love quarrel, Charles paused a moment uncertain whetherto advance or retire, and had finally chosen the latter, but he was too late to do this, for the beautiful and excited young lady as she was hurriedly walking the floor, caught a glimpse of him on the stairs; when she exclaimed, ah! here is Charles, coming to see me now. In a moment he was in the room, the parties there not knowing that he was a listener. To Miss Arabell he addressed the morning salutation, and then bowing to Mr. Morely that young man returned the compliment, but in rather a dry and dissatisfied manner.

Captain Adderly, said Miss Walworth, that gentleman, referring to Morely, has just had the impertinence to question me respecting the disposal of my heart and to complain of the preference I have given you, as if I am not my own mistress. I hope, said Charles, that Mr. Morely has not insulted you. No, he has not exactly insulted me, she replied, as his language is of too whining a nature for that; and I do sincerely wish that he would for the future refrain from annoying me with his importunities; and I will add, that his presence can just now be dispensed with. I shall, then, proud fair one, bid you good morning, said Morely. But I must state to Captain Adderly that I have no quarrel with him, and Heaven knows that it is still further from my wishes to have any with Miss Walworth. My only fault has been, that in spite of myself I have loved her too sincerely, a fault which, if I can, I shall remedy, and will not disturb the peace of the man Arabell may prefer, and left the room. At this point of the story, we think it right to state, that Morely knew well enough Captain Adderly meant him no wrong, as he

had often seen that the attentions of Charles were not sincere; and that Arabell was deceiving herself. On this account, his patience may be accounted for.

Here, Captain Adderly, a man of the most honorable principles, saw with pain the full extent of mischief his frivolous gallantries had done, and immediately entered upon an explanation. He said as well as he could, for he was deeply confused, that his attentions to Miss Arabell were not intended to interest her heart, although he esteemed her as being extremely amiable, and as pretty a girl as could be found in Philadelphia. On hearing these awful words, she turned pale, stared Adderly full in the face, and fell away in a fearful and alarming swoon. Charles sprang to a table, where was a pitcher of water, and sprinkling it profusely on her face, she soon revived and found her head leaning on his arm, as he was wiping the drops from her forehead. As soon as she had recovered she hid her face in her hands, crying piteously, Oh! have I deceived myself? have I exposed my weakness to the man I most admired in the world? Have I said that I love you? and is it not returned? Oh, Charles, have I deserved this? Oh, how exceedingly miserable I am!

Be calm, Miss Walworth, he said, being greatly moved, he could not resist the desire to soothe her, as he had not the heart to increase at such a moment, the pangs already inflicted; yet he recollected that he must say nothing which could any longer encourage the delusion, remarking that in future his conduct should be more guarded. Miss Walworth, he said, I must leave you now, and hope you will soon become tranquil; and believe me, it will afford great pleasure to hear that you have succeeded. So saying, he bade her good morning and was retiring from the room when Arabell caught him by the arm and said, O, Charles! do not leave me thus, without some assurance that you love me, and that all you have said was not in romance. The blood flew to his face on hearing this appeal to his honor, urged home by the beseeching looks of the beautiful being before him, who had been deceived by his folly. At that instant there flashed on his memory the far greater charms of Maria, when he cried, excuse me, Miss Walworth, from my very heart I pity you, but I can assure you of nothing more at present.

Adderly left her, being deeply afflicted at the strange effect his nonsense had produced upon the artless and every thing believing girl, and immediately left the city, not returning till seven or eight days had passed by. On entering the house of his father he immediately found that the family, and that of Mr. Walworth were in a condition of deep affliction, on account of the sudden disappearance of Charles Adderly, who was believed to be the affianced husband of Arabell Walworth.

The father of Charles now entered into a serious investigation of the affair, with his son, desiring to know what he had said to the young lady, which had produced a belief in her mind that he was about to marry her; adding that

the match would be very agreeable to his mind, and also, that himself and the father of Arabell had actually made out deeds of settlement, to be given as dowries at the wedding. But, as you have never committed yourself to the young lady, and as you say you do not love her, I shall immediately apprise her father of the facts; and here the matter ended between the two parents. But, continued old Mr. Adderly, I advise you, my son, to call and see Miss Walworth, as usual, in order to stop the flow of the town scandal, which is, that you have *deserted* her; and when you see the havoc produced in the mind and on the person of that most interesting young lady, try to think tenderly of her, as it is my most earnest wish that you should marry her.

Captain Adderly did accordingly, but found her melancholy, dejected, and suffering under the tortures of not only disappointed love, but wounded pride. Oh, Charles, said she, you have given Morley a triumph over me, which it was ungenerous in you to allow. But that is of no consequence; his triumph I can well bear, without much agony; but I *cannot* bear your disdain—it will kill me. I know that it is *now* too late for me to pretend that I do not love you; yet I will not intreat any favors from the man who cannot look upon me with tenderness. It is kind, however, in you to visit me, as it will rescue me from the public contempt of my enemies; it also shows compassion; but, alas, what is compassion from you, without love?

Charles now perceiving that the proper time had arrived for him to speak plainly, entered into an account of his real feelings towards her, and withal to inform her of the state of his heart in relation to another. Miss Walworth, he said, do not for the value of the earth entertain an idea that I feel any aversion to *you*, as I assure you I am not blind to your various excellencies, not to speak of your great beauty. I see them all, and esteem—may more, I admire, and were it not for *one* of your sex, there is not a woman on the globe whom I could prefer before you, or could love. Thus you see, Miss Walworth, the esteem I have for you, by the *confidence* I now repose in you; and you also see, the utter impossibility of my having, in reality, returned your tenderness, with which you have been pleased to honor me. I never for a moment felt disposed to triumph over you, for I well know that *such* feelings are beyond our control. I hope, therefore, you will pardon me, for I am not indifferent to the attractions you are in possession of, and the whole world acknowledges, who know you, and would with joy receive you to my heart, were it not for that *other one*.

Captain Adderly, she replied, this is very kind language, and soothing to my heart, for I feel, as you remarked, that indeed *such* feelings are beyond our control; and withal, I see now the impassable barrier that separates us. I shall try now to struggle with my cruel destiny. But may I not, she added, view you in another light, and one in which you will not deny me a reciprocity of feeling, and that is,

as a *true* and faithful friend, as long as we live? Happy, happy shall I be, replied Charles, ever to be considered as such; and I pray Heaven soon to restore you to that health and tranquillity of mind which will ensure me the long enjoyment of so great a blessing.

From this time forward, she grew happier, for it was her *pride* which had received the deepest wound, but was now in a measure healed. As for Morley, we may mention, that he still proved faithful, although so deeply wounded by the vascillating Arabell, and instead of triumphing, as she supposed he had, he mournfully sympathised in her afflictions, and stood her advocate amid all the slander that was heaped upon her. This coming to her knowledge, made such an impression upon her heart in his favor, that in about a year she rewarded him with her hand in marriage, making him a wife of the happiest description, as in this adventure her pride had been reduced to the proper pitch of social and connubial bliss. And such was the nobleness of the heart and principles of Morley that he never rallied Arabell on her love of Adderly, as he was a man far above the reach of the fangs of the green-eyed monster.

But during all this time Charles had said nothing to his father or his friends respecting the jewel in the wilderness, except the mere hint he had given Arabell Walworth. He knew it was useless to attempt to obtain his father's consent to risk the dangers of the forest alone, on such an errand as the love of a poor Irish backwoodsman's daughter; and that, too, when he had just refused the hand of one of the fairest as well as the richest damsels in Philadelphia, Arabell Walworth. But see her he must, and therefore he had formed the plan of immediately entering into the army which was on its way from England, under General Braddock, to drive the French from Ohio.

Accordingly, no sooner had Braddock touched the shores of Virginia, than Charles solicited permission of his father to accompany the expedition, having no doubts as to its happy issue, so strong was the force, and commanded by so able an officer. The request was granted, for if it had not been, the father of Adderly would have been looked upon almost as a traitor to the interests of the colonies.

Captain Adderly now hastened to Alexandria, where Braddock was to meet a convention of the different Governors of the colonies, to settle the order of the campaign. Here Charles met with his former commander, George Washington, whom General Braddock had already appointed one of his aids. Thro' Washington's influence, Adderly was made captain of one of the Virginia ranging companies, which were to be attached to the army. Thus situated, he waited with shivering impatience the hour of departure to the wilderness. The same were the feelings of Washington, and for the very same reasons.

All things at length being ready, the army set forward toward the Great Meadows, where, after incredible labor and fatigue, occasioned by cutting roads, passing swamps, climbing

mountains, getting over streams and brooks, they arrived with an immense train of wagons and baggage. All this labor would have been avoided, had Braddock taken Washington's advice, which was to advance upon the enemy light-handed, on horses, carrying the provisions of the army in the same manner; and to fall upon fort Duquesne in full force, and take it by storm, which might easily be done.

At the Great Meadows they rested a while, and recruited the horses, as the grass was abundant, it being then in the spring of the year. Here Washington advised his general to detach a portion of the army, and with it hasten to capture fort Duquesne, before the French should be able to reinforce the place. Braddock liked this plan, and leaving all his heavy baggage wagons, as he ought to have done when at Alexandria, he detached twelve hundred troops on this service, leaving the residue at the Meadows.

Washington and Adderly were both in this department, equally eager to arrive in the neighborhood of Frazier's premises. In pursuing the course, the troops came upon a kind of upland level country, entirely covered over with whortleberry bushes, where, as they had a clear view for a considerable distance round, they halted, and called a council of war. Here it was, that the famous advice of one of Braddock's *aids*, namely George Washington, was given him, which was to send forward a *scout*, composed of such men as were used to the Indian mode of fighting, to beat the ground over, and thus detect any ambush the enemy might form on the intended route of the army. This precaution was of the utmost importance, as on leaving this upland they were to descend into a ravine, leading directly to Turtle creek, and was also thickly covered with forest trees, brambles, and bushes of every description. Washington was so well acquainted with the manner of Indian warfare, that if there was no more than one of the rascals between the spot where they were and fort Duquesne, he would be posted there, like a panther watching for the prey. But this advice was fatally rejected, as is well known; the English general, being a brave man, supposed he knew as well as Washington, if not far better, how to fight the American Indians.

They now descended into the ravine, which grew more and more like a gulf, as they pursued it, forming a small run, and was one of the tributaries of the above named creek, uniting with it very near to Frazier's farm. They had got along as far as to the *main* stream, and a part of the troops had forded it, and where the trees were remarkably thick, when all at once, from full two hundred rifles, there flew a shower of bullets, through the midst of the thunder-struck Englishmen, as they came merrily along, like so many sheep for the slaughter.

Hundreds were cut down—shot after shot, volley after volley—and yet the enemy was *unseen*. In a few minutes, the ruin of the whole troop, as it related to any further pursuit of their object, was complete. Washington

fought like a tiger, his clothes were cut to pieces on his body, two horses were killed beneath him, and yet he escaped unhurt. It was here that an Indian chief, seeing the amazing feats of that white warrior, stationed himself safely, and in a most leisurely manner discharged his rifle *seventeen times*, within fair gun shot, at his body, and yet without effect. The Indian now became alarmed, supposing it was a man protected by the *great Manito*, and ceased to fire. This was a right conclusion of the Indian; and if there ever was divine inspiration exerted on the mind of man, it was here manifest, when the chief said, "*he is protected by the Manito*," for it was God who did protect him in that battle, and in a very *extraordinary* manner.

In this fight Adderly and Washington fought side by side, and more than once warded off the fatal hatchet from each other's heads; for before the battle was over the Indians and the whites had become mingled in the fray, the former endeavoring to take as many prisoners as possible, for the purpose of torturing them.

Braddock, though a headlong man in this affair, proved himself to be exceedingly brave, having had no less than four horses shot under him; but as he was mounting the fourth, a ball struck him in the breast, when he fell together with the animal. The Indians seeing this, and knowing that he was a great brave of the pale faces, as he was in full uniform, made a rush, those that were near enough, to bear him into the woods, to strip and mangle him.

From this additional horror, Washington resolved at all hazards to rescue him, not then knowing whether the wound by which he fell was mortal. At this instant, being near Capt. Adderly, he called him and his Virginians to the rescue. Adderly obeyed the call; but as they made the rush, sword in hand, nearly one half of the rangers fell by the shot of an ambush, which was in a gully a few feet from them.

In this scuffle, Washington had shot with a pistol, the Indian who had Braddock by the hair, and was dragging him into the ravine, and drove his sword through a second, when the horse he was on fell, as a whole volley was fired at him alone, which riddled his hat and clothes, yet he escaped unhurt. But as the horse fell, and Washington sprang to his feet, an Indian had placed his rifle scarcely its length from his head, which would have killed him, had not Adderly, by the Providence of God, cut the Indian down, just as his finger was on the spring. The rifle went off, but its direction had been turned a trifle, just sufficient to save Washington's life, for the ball tore away the epaulette from his left shoulder.

From this dilemma he now escaped, bearing away the wounded and dying General. But in this struggle Adderly was taken; for when his horse was killed, he was seized as he came to the ground, by a number of Indians, and hurried, in spite of his great strength, into the wood, and was seen no more during the fight.

By the intrepidity and skill of Washington, about five hundred men, out of twelve hundred,

were saved, and brought to recross the creek, where they had left several pieces of small brass cannon, brought from the Great Meadows. With these the enemy, who had none, were easily driven back from a pursuit, as the Indians would not face the terrible shots of these instruments of death, which tore the forest to pieces, and mowed down as many Indians as came within their range. [See Paulding, vol. 1, page 79.]

Washington now made all haste to retreat to the Great Meadows, with the survivors and as much of the baggage as they could consistently carry, fearing every moment a pursuit, which, however, did not take place, as the enemy no doubt feared the cannon which he took with him. But they had gone a small distance only from the place of the action, when, as Washington was riding a little in advance of the retreating column, there arose suddenly from a thicket of brushwood, the Prophet Tonaleuka.

Beloved of Heaven! cried he, I would not detain you, for I know your haste. Alas, this has been a dreadful day. I saw you escape, and by what means—it was the sword of Adderly—and thanked the Great Spirit. But that young man has not been so fortunate, he is a prisoner, and whither he is gone, some means must be put in operation to ascertain; I go to seek the trail of his captors.

During the whole of the battle, Maria had been walking the porch, above the lower door of her father's house, so that when Charles led his rangers, who were all well mounted, she saw him in the ford, and exchanged tokens of recognition with him. In a minute or so after this, there was heard a terrible yelling of the Indians, as well as the fierce cracking of whole volleys of the musket and rifle, in the very direction she had seen him riding. This, too, was the very time when Washington had the scuffle to retake his dying General, and when Adderly was taken prisoner.

During these awful moments, Maria's heart was directed to God, in behalf of the safety of Charles, who when the yelling and the firing had partially ceased in that quarter, and the troops led on by Washington in the retreat, saw that the number was much lessened, and also that Charles was not with them, he therefore had, no doubt, been killed. On receiving this impression, who can describe her grief and dismay? and yet there was *one* hope—it might be that he was taken prisoner, and might escape.

She had retired into her chamber, and was crying in great distress of mind, when a member of the family came up, and informed her, that *De Villers*, the French commander, had called to enquire after the health of the family, and after hers in particular; for he it known to the reader, that prior to the battle this officer had been at Frazier's house, had seen Maria, and had fallen violently in love with her.

This De Villers was a widower, of about 30 years old, of a temper bold, sanguine, and irritable; a man who permitted no scruples of religion or morality to stand in the way of sen-

sual gratification. On seeing this maid of the forest, he had made up his mind, let the consequence be what it would, the young lady should be his; whether by fair or foul means it was of but little consequence. But as the sight of the battle had terribly frightened her, and as her grief was inconsolable, she made a virtue of the case, and refused to appear in the presence of De Villers.

The Frenchman being very polite, waived her company at that time, and went his way with the Indians to Fort Duquesne. As soon as he was gone, and they were sure the battle ground was deserted by the enemy, the men of Frazier's family, accompanied by Maria, hastened to the spot in search of Charles, as it might be that he was wounded and no one in his distress to assist him. They found the ground covered with the dead for a considerable distance round, still warm in their newly shed blood. But Charles was not there. On this account the heart of the wretched girl conceived a ray of hope that if he was a prisoner he might somehow escape. She now took her sister Nancy, and going to a secret place, fell upon their knees and thanked God for this *one* ray of hope, praying that if it was so, the Almighty to preserve and deliver him.

She had scarcely finished her prayer and was returning to the house, when the voice of Tonaleuka was heard enquiring for Maria. As soon as they met, he said he comforted my daughter, for she was still weeping, he is no doubt a prisoner, taken by the Indians, for he did not go to Duquesne with the French, and I have discovered the trail of his captors and the direction they have taken him; means must now be found to rescue him if possible. The result you shall soon know, and he disappeared in the woods.

As for De Villers, headlong and unprincipled as he was, and as determined as he had been to possess the beautiful being he had seen at Frazier's, yet the recollection of her chaste and modest demeanor made his heart recoil at the idea of committing any impropriety, wherefore he was determined to make her his wife, an honor he imagined impossible for her to reject. He passed the night after the battle in great disquietude. He could not sleep, and sighed and longed for the morning to appear, that he might hasten to her presence to woo her in honorable love.

But the stars were unpropitious, the murdering boy had done his work wholly on one side of the question. Maria was inexorable. In vain did the handsome but fierce eyed Frenchman resort to the rich resources of his polite and fluent language. In vain did he resort to praises and flattery, to offers of dignity, honor, and profit to the whole family, if she would become the honorable lady De Villers. So enamored was he, that in pure simple eagerness to possess her, he forgot his wonted politeness as a Frenchman, and in a paroxysm of wild joy flew to her, seized her in his arms, and in spite of her struggles and screeches, kissed her over her whole face, as if he would devour her alive. But the instant he let her go his eye

caught her countenance, where he saw to his dismay scorn and hate enthroned in their sublimest traces. It was impossible for his love stricken heart not to quail at such a look as she gave him. She did not resort to angry words, but wept in pure and deep affliction. De Villers approached her and attempted some soothing words, but another look showed him that here was no pretence, no ruse, no feigning, affected modesty, as he had often seen resorted to in his acquaintance with society; it was all stern, and to him appalling hate.

In an instant, a terrible revulsion took place in his feelings, as from full a hundred degrees, according to L'Amour's scale of heat, the thermometer of his heart went down and fell some considerable below the zero of ordinary passion, and had not anger came to his relief, he would have presented a most pitiful object, a forlorn, degraded and discarded lover, of all things in nature the most lackadaisical looking thing. But anger, noble, heart-sustaining anger, came to his support. It is well, madam, that you *appear* to scorn and hate me, yet you are none the less beautiful. I must possess you and I *will*, let the consequences be what they may. My intentions, Miss Frazier, said he, were honorable, softening a little, but you have counted me as a thing of nought, but I will assert my own importance and have my will of this flower of the forest. So saying, he bid her good morning in his best manner, turned on his heel and departed, without waiting to hear whether she responded to his *conge* or not.

De Villers was not long in riding to the fort, although it was full twelve miles, bringing the sides of his horse, and the sharp points of his spurs in very close fellowship during the whole distance, and could the gay animal have entered into book keeping with mankind, this case of suffering would have been placed to the account of Maria Frazier. As soon as he had arrived, De Villers called for one of his lieutenants, Rantell, by name, and gave him orders to proceed to Frazier's and to seize and bring by force, Maria, the old Irishman's daughter, to Fort Duquesne. He ordered him to be exceedingly tender in his manners toward her, and by no means to be rude, yet he must bring her at any rate. He told Rantell, which he need not have done, that he loved her almost to distraction, and that he meant to make her his lady-wife. She is an angel, he continued, and for the world he would not be dishonorable in his treatment of her. The very moment she is safe in the fort by your means, that same hour makes you a captain, but if you are rude to the girl, a ball shall shatter your understanding as soon as I am informed of it.

Take forty men with you, give each of them a heavy dose of brandy, and be gone; I shall expect you by sundown as it is now scarcely twelve o'clock. Rantell was soon under way, with his forty men, all handsomely mounted, himself leading a horse for Maria, richly caparisoned, with side saddle, of crimson golden mounted bridle, riding switch of silk and ivory. When he arrived at the house, it so happened

that Paddy and his brother-in-law, Dr. Kilbourn or Kilbearth, were out a hunting; there being no men at home, except Maria's old father and her brother Archey. On this account the poor girl was found in a most helpless condition. Rantell immediately set about his work. But he commenced it in the true French style, by being very polite. He said General De Villers, did send his very polite compliments, to de flower of de Vildernesse, and one very fine genette, vor her sweet beauties to ride upon, vid a most superb lady saddelle, and some very bright gold upon de bridles of de sweet gennett. But to all this most winning language Maria gave no heed.

At the time these overtures were on foot, old Frazier and his stout son Archy were at work in the field; but seeing so many horses and men about the premises, they left their work and hastened to the house. Here they soon discovered what they were at, for Nancy had met them half way, crying and saying that the men had come from Duquesne to carry off sister Maria. In a moment the old man was among them with an uplifted ax, with which he made a furious blow at the polite lieutenant, and so well aimed that had it not been arrested in its course by the hand of one of the men, it would have finished his career with a good by, Monsieur, to another world.

Frazier now turned in his wrath upon the man who had intercepted the blow of the ax, and knocked him down with his fist, as he was still powerful though so far advanced in years. Here there was a general rush toward the old Hercules, with a view of yting him; but at the very instant, Archy came to the assistance of his father, when he gave one of the men who had thrown Frazier to the floor and was holding him down, such a kick on the breast that he lay for a long time without breath or motion. But as there were thirty-nine men to two, they were soon tied neck and heels.

In the mean time, Maria fearing for the life of her father, on seeing what they were doing, had fainted; over whom, as she came too, there was standing the polite Rantell. Come dare, you was one sweet flower of de wilderness. Begar dis meele too impolite too ungenteele mademoiselle, come dis wery sweete moment to de very superb gennette wid de crimson lady saddelle, and very bright gold on him. Come wid one Frenchman to le very fine Generale De Villare. And as he so said he took hold of her to enforce his invitation. From the touch of the rascal, the minister of the more vile De Villers, she instinctively shrank, saying that if he would not molest her she would go with him, as it was useless to resist.

She was immediately led to the horse, upon which she seated herself and was soon out of sight, while there lay roaring on the floor, Archey and his father, venting their wrath in good broad Irish, in volume sufficiently strong and copious to turn an overshot mill, had it been water. Maria was scarcely out of sight when Tonnaleuka arrived with the news that he had discovered the final destination of Charles

Adderly, and that something would be done for his relief. But as he entered the house he was nearly petrified at the sight before him, and at what had taken place; while Nancy was untying her brother, and the old lady her husband.

The Prophet sat down, or he would have fallen from pure weakness, so unstrung was his nerves for the moment. He hid his face in his hands as he leaned upon a table standing near and groaned aloud repeatedly—signs of sorrow they had never before witnessed in the great Prophet of the Indians. He remained in this position some minutes, then rose and walked the floor, then again resumed the seat with his face in his hands as before. But directly he dropped upon his knees, lifted up his hands toward heaven and exclaimed: Oh, Great Spirit! assist me in the endeavor, and give success to the plan thyself hast now suggested. Oh! protect the suffering maiden, and restore her again to her friends.

He now arose from his knees, and enquired for Paddy and Dr. Kilburn, but they had not yet returned from the hunt. It was but a few minutes, however, when they came in, staggering under the weight of a heavy buck. It were difficult to depict the rage they were in, when told that Maria was a prisoner at Duquesne, and of the abuse their father had received from the captors. They swore eternal enmity to the French, and that they would secretly, by treachery, by fraud, or open violence, pursue and injure them to the last moments of life, all that should be in their power.

Here was trouble enough in the house of good old Frazier. Captain Adderly was in danger of being burnt, and Maria was in the power of a libertine, in a military fort. The Prophet now took Paddy, who together were seen walking about the door yard a few minutes in earnest consultation, but what they said was their own secret. But directly they re-entered the house. Paddy ate heartily of his supper, seized his rifle and other equipments, took some provision in his haversack and disappeared, although it was now dark, and he had toiled all day a hunting.

During the evening Tonnaleuka conferred much but in a secret manner with Dr. Kilburn, who as soon as it was morning set off towards the head waters of Chariters creek, in order to watch the Caughnawagas, who had carried off Charles Adderly in that direction, as the Prophet had discovered. But as he was setting out on this important errand, my son, said Tonnaleuka, take this holy wampum to the Sachem Tak-su-ma, who I have found out, is the leader of the party; it will protect you from injury. I should have done this myself, but Maria, the child of my adoption and love, is now in distress, and I cannot forsake her. Tell that Chief that the Prophet Tonnaleuka requires in the name of the great Manito, that he as the head of the Caughnawagas spare the prisoner Captain Adderly seven days or a quarter of a moon, in which he is to prepare to meet the great spirit. At the end of that time exactly at noon, they may pass him through

the fire, according to the ancient customs of the beloved red nations of the setting sun; thus charged, Dr. Kilbourn took to the woods on his mission.

It was nearly night, when the party in possession of Maria arrived at Du Quesne. They were met at the gate by De Villars, who was the Governor of all the forces of the French, in the Ohio wilderness, troops, munitions of war, &c. With his own hands he lifted her from the saddle, and led her to one of the best apartments the Fort afforded, as immediately after they took it from Adderly, they had erected within it several very good houses, handsomely furnished, considering the times and the wilderness.

Maria was placed in an upper room, the windows of which overlooked the inclosed parade ground of the fort, which had been cleared of all its trees, brush, &c. Here she was compelled to endure the love addresses of the enraptured De Villars. Miss Frazier said he, on handing her into the room provided for her reception, I am sorry to my very soul, that you should have compelled me to take the step I have. But I felt that I could not live without you, and I had no alternative; endeavor to make yourself comfortable in this abode, such as it is, I wish to God it was a palace for your sake.

Sir, said Maria, comfort is now a matter of no concern to me, for it is what I feel I cannot enjoy. Alas! to enter a place under such circumstances, is to me, the same as a dungeon. Here the energy which had sustained her during the journey forsook her, as the condition in which she had left her friends rushed upon her recollection, and she burst into tears. Be pacified, my lovely maiden, said De Villars, in a soothing manner—as he was really affected at her sorrow. Your feelings are by far of too timid and apprehensive a nature, you shall suffer no evil here, and I shall take care to remove all uneasiness, your friends may feel on your account. It was not to make either you or them unhappy that I brought you here, and upon the honor of a soldier, I promise, that any thing short of *parting* with you, I shall submit to in order to make your residence with me agreeable.

Alas! then, I need expect no relief from misery she replied, as nothing short of a separation from you, and a restoration to my friends, can afford such relief. What, part with you—no, no, he said—oh smile upon one who loves you—he reconciled to yield to the ardor of his affections, by becoming his *wife*. Sir, said she, recovering the full energy of her manner and tone of voice—never—never! You have already had my answer on that subject; an answer which no earthly consideration can ever induce me to change:—no, my heart would burst asunder, ere my tongue should utter a promise to be yours. Thus she every where repulsed his advances, determined to suffer death, rather than become his wife, or, in any way accede to his desires.

On the next day after this conversation, and but the second of her captivity, as De Villars

was sitting in the room with Maria, exerting all his blandishments to win her to his purpose, and just as he had, in the violence of his passion, almost threatened, to put in force the virtue of muscular power, because she had, in so many words, told him that she hated him soul and body, there was heard the flourish of a trumpet. It is the cursed Indians said he, starting to his feet, who are going to hold a council about burning the prisoners taken at Turtle Creek, and so eager are they at this dreadful work, that as I was told, five or six of them left the action nearly in the middle of it, with but one or two prisoners, and have carried them to the south to burn them in peace and quietness.

Here Maria, for the first time, got a glance at the probable fate of Charles Adderly, one of them, thought she, *must* be him, as he was not killed on the field of battle, and she had seen nothing of him among the prisoners at Du Quesne, and therefore, in all probability, he was now lost to her forever. As these awful thoughts were agonizing her spirit, she cast her eyes from the window where she was sitting, toward the parade ground, where there was a great many Indians. In the midst of these were the forty prisoners taken in the defeat of Braddock, among whom, who should she see but the Prophet, in earnest conversation with one chief and with another. In the midst of this hubbub, she caught his eye, though at considerable distance, a brief, quick motion of his head, showed that he had seen her, and a slight touch of the ear, *thrice*, with his right hand, a language expressed by signs, well understood by Maria, showed that God would hear her prayers for protection.

From this moment she took hope, and in a measure became more calm in her mind. It was but a little after this, and while De Villars was absent from the Fort, that Tonnaleuka entered her room, having first influenced the squaw, who was appointed to wait upon Maria, and secure her promise to keep his visit a secret, which, as he was the great Prophet of the Manito, was easy to obtain. This was a joyful moment to Maria, as she knew the Prophet was seeking her rescue; there was much to be said, and but little time to say it in. She seized his hand and kissed it, weeping as she did so; oh father she cried, thou hast ever been to me the source of wisdom and inspirer of virtue, wilt thou help me and take me from this den of serpents? Oh, where is Charles—alas! what would deliverance be, or any other blessing, if he is destroyed? My daughter, hear me, all that is in my power, is now doing, for that young man; but the event must be left in the hands of Him who numbereth the very hairs of our heads. He encouraged her to resist De Villars' advances even to death, as he had much rather hear of her death, than of her dishonor. He suggested to her the propriety of asking of her tormentor a few days reflection, at least seven, during which time all that can be done, will be done, said he, but by what means he did not even hint.

The Prophet now left her, but as he went, he lay his curse upon the head of the squaw, *Hal-man-na*, by name, if she revealed the secret of his visit. It was but a little while, when De Villars entered the room, as the toils of the parade, in which he had been engaged, were now over. But he was greatly surprised to find that Miss Frazier had somehow materially changed; the gloom of her countenance had in a measure passed away, "but little did he suspect by what means.

He was extremely happy he said to observe this; and added, I need scarcely express my joy, Miss Frazier, at seeing your serenity and apparent contentment under my roof, and I do believe you could, in time, bring yourself to live happily with me. You know that my love for you is boundless, and were you to marry me, I should, as soon as possible, take you to France, and present you at the Court of St. Cloud, and to all the nobles of my country, to show them how much fairer my sweet flower of the wilderness is, than the greatest beauties of Europe—oh, Miss Frazier, is it not possible to crown my desires respecting yourself with success.

I have been thinking of that affair, but it is really one of too much importance, to be decided without more deliberation than I have yet given it. Monsieur De Villars said she, looking a little kind toward him, were I to ask a favor of you in relation to this subject, could I hope that it would be granted. Name it my sweet one, he replied, as any thing but parting with you, that is in my power to grant, I pledge my honor not to deny you.

My request will be moderate, she replied, and altogether in your power to grant. It is only that I may be indulged with a few days longer time to deliberate on this matter, for I feel it impossible to bring my mind to such an instantaneous change of feeling, as to forget the man to whom I am already pledged, and agree to wed another, by the mere effort of a day and a half's consideration, for I must now inform you that I am promised in marriage.

De Villars stared a little at this announcement, then paced the floor some time in silence; but at length said—it is perhaps reasonable that this should be so, you shall have a few days as you require, but remember my sweet one, you are then to make me happy when they are over. Give me one week, said she, and alas, I fear even that will be too short for my purpose. This request was granted, but in a very reluctant manner, accompanied with much flourishing and protestations of love, admiration and eternal constancy.

The reader will observe, that De Villars never so much as once alluded to the circumstance of Maria's being already under promise of marriage, so little did that fact disturb his mind; a real hero no doubt, in matters of the heart.

The next day, which was the third of Maria's captivity, was to be a gala-day among the French—a grand parade—a dinner, and then a general carouse, for half the night, as they could afford it, seeing they had so recently

become quite rich by the spoils of the recent victory over the English at Turtle Creek. At an early hour on the next day, the whole garrison was put in motion, with a view to the intended pleasures. For the purpose of witnessing the scene, Maria had stationed herself at the window; after she had been in that position awhile, who should she see coming in at the gate of the fortress, amid the crowd, but the Prophet, Tonnaleuka, accompanied by a tall majestic looking Indian Chief. They immediately, without seeming much to notice the parade, went directly toward the place where De Villars was occupied in ordering the troops relative to the operations of the day. As soon as he saw the Prophet, he turned, and for some time was engaged in conversation with him, he then walked up to the tall Indian Chief, took him by the hand, shook it, and made a multitude of bows, scrapes and gesticulations, while the tall Indian said nothing but *ugh, ugh*, a few times, keeping himself perfectly erect and unimpassioned.

Here De Villars called a soldier, who was ordered, accompanied by the Prophet and the tall Chief to his own house, with directions to give him something to drink, as well as to eat, and the Prophet too, if he desired it. In a few minutes, the music struck up, when the whole body of the military, belonging to the Fort, consisting of full two thousand men, Indians and all, moved out of the garrison in glorious style, to a place called *Grant's Hill*, a couple of miles from the Fort, and where the ground had been cleared of the bushes, the original growth, for the purpose of parades.

They were scarcely out of sight, when the Prophet was seen by Maria, going from the house of De Villars toward the gate of the Fort, but as he went he looked carefully round, and seeing there was no risk, he saluted Maria by a kiss of his hand, who had not yet left the window, since his coming into the Fort. She was now sure that something of importance relative to herself was on foot; for as he kissed his hand to her, he also, as Maria believed, smiled—a thing with the Prophet not very common. He had scarcely disappeared beyond the gate of the Fort, when *Hal-man-na*, the servant squaw, entered the room of Maria, saying she had been commanded by the Prophet, to conduct a Chief of the great *Pianta* tribe into her apartment, but that she was to conceal the circumstance from every other creature.

Fearing nothing, if it was by the direction of the Prophet, she said, let him come in.—But her heart beat violently, as she heard his steps advancing, and as she rose to receive him. He was curiously dressed, having on an Elk skin robe that reached considerable below his knees, gathered around the waist very close and fastened by a broad fantastically ornamented belt. His cap was formed of a beaver skin, highly ornamented with red feathers and beads variously colored, with tassels hanging quite down to his shoulders; his feet and ankles were covered with moccasins and leggings of finest work, reaching above the knees, in the

usual Indian style. But as he approached Maria, it was with evident emotions, and to her astonishment, addressed her in good English, as he said in a low voice, how sorry I am Miss Frazier to find you a captive in such a place, and in the hands of such a man as De Villars. But I forget, that in this disguise, you may not know the man who loves you as never man could love—must I pronounce my name ere you can know George Washington. Oh! my friend she cried, alarmed for his safety, are you not rash to risk that life, on which, perhaps the salvation of a nation depends, for the rescue of but one poor prisoner. It is never rash to perform our duty, replied the hero. Thou art in distress—I was informed of it, that was Heaven's call to me, to rescue the sufferer, and I have no fear but Heaven will permit its accomplishment.

But by what means, she enquired, could you know that I was a captive, when you was no doubt at the great meadows. Paddy, said he, your brother, the day before yesterday evening, entered my *Marque*, at the meadows, where, in a few words, he told me all, and that the Prophet wished me to meet him at a certain place, to which Paddy would guide me. We met, and have formed a plan of action, with every arrangement for its execution. Even for you, Miss Frazier, there is a part in the drama to act, which will require all your firmness to accomplish, and is as follows: When the proper time comes, you will throw this squaw dress over your other clothes, and thus concealed, you will act as my interpreter with the sentinel, who you will solicit in the name of Tonaleuka, permission for me, a Pianta Chief, to go and worship beneath the branches of a red oak tree, which is the religion of that tribe. If we can in this way pass the gate of the Fort, we shall find at a little distance, Tonaleuka and Paddy with horses to carry us away to a place of safety. You will have to imitate the broken language of a squaw trying to speak French, when you address the sentinel, who is to be made to believe that I, as a Pianta Indian, cannot speak French, on which account you are to accompany me, as well as to find a red oak. All this we shall attempt to do, at the hour of midnight, or as soon as the garrison shall be at rest.

But oh, said Maria, if the sentinel should detect us, your destruction is sure; it were better for me to suffer alone. Fear nothing, madam, said Washington; if the sentinel refuses, I have a remedy at hand. Have you courage, dear girl, to attempt all this, said Washington? I have, she replied, with God's help and his messenger for my support.

Washington now left her, and the residue of the day wandered about the Fort in a seeming listless manner, while in fact his keen eye was scanning every thing, in order to learn its strength for the purpose of a future attack. It was now nearly dark, when De Villars and his men returned to the garrison, uncommonly inflated with drink, the General in particular, on which account, he did not venture that evening to intrude upon the company of Maria. On

the entrance of the troops, every house, room and shed, appeared to have been suddenly turned into a bedlam of revellers, which they kept up till nearly midnight, when all was silence. This was the waited for hour; Washington glided like a spectre from his apartment to the chamber of Maria, and found her waiting with impatience his arrival.

Miss Frazier, he said, the moment is favorable, haste, throw on your disguise—he of good courage, and let us proceed from this abode of brutality—God will open the way. Maria caught Washington's arm for support, when they descended the stair without noise, and boldly walked across the area of the Fort, to the outer gate. As they were approaching the sentinel, he cried out in the usual way, *who comes there?* *Friends*, replied Maria, in a broken Indian squaw manner, attempting to speak French. And where are you going my friends, enquired the sentinel, at this hour of the night; why does your comrade play dumb, mistress? Why, this is the great Pianta Chief, she replied, who came here to day with the Prophet, in whose name I ask you to let us pass, to worship under the red oak tree, as this Chief cannot speak French. It is the religion of this nation to do so twice every moon, once in the full and once in the wane. Here the sentinel became rather inquisitive, as to her motives, in going with him. She replied that the Chief being a stranger, did not know where to find a red oak tree. Then let him take any tree he comes to, a hemlock will do as well as an oak. But as for you Miss *Square-toes*, turn back if you please, and suiting his actions to his order, he gave her a smart push away from the side of the Chief. This frightened her, so that she said in very pretty French, he declares he cannot go without me—oh, pray do let us pass my good friend, and heaven will bless you. Ha, ha—who are you, cried the sentinel—I protest you seem somewhat too *Christianised* and polite for a squaw; by the holy mother, but I believe there is something wrong in this business; the Governor, Monsieur De Villars, has a fine lady in his keeping; I must stop you both till I see who you are. I'll be broiled, it would cost me a bullet in my heart if I should allow that lady to escape; back to your quarters this moment, or I will call the guard.

She now said in a whisper to Washington, in English, as he did not understand French, that the sentinel threatened to call the guard; *we are ruined*. But as the sentinel was in the very act of opening his mouth, to cry "*guard ho*," a dagger was driven quite to the hilt, by the hand of Washington, into the bosom of the soldier, who fell dead to the ground.—Washington unbolted the gate, seized the trembling girl in his arms and fled as if her weight was but a feather. He soon reached the spot where the Prophet and Paddy, with the horses, four of them, were waiting, when they were soon out of sight or hearing, making the best of their way into the wilderness, toward the cave in the mountain. They had not been on their way but a short time, when the guns of the Fort were heard thundering through

the night—the alarm was given—the escape had been discovered by the sentinel who was next in order to the one at the gate, as the tramp of his feet in passing one way and the other, was missed. From these signs they knew that in a few minutes the Indians would be out in pursuit in all directions. But they hastened as fast as they could, coming to the cave in about two hours ride, a place with which Maria was already somewhat acquainted. Here Paddy took the horses and conducted them to a secret gulf, where there was a plenty of grass, as it was now in the month of July.

When they were safely seated within the cavern, the root of the tree drawn snug and sure, Washington thought it could be no offence, were he now to renew, in the ear of Maria, the story of his love, who he had at the risk of his life, just rescued from a fate far worse than death; which was, to be forced to wed a man she hated. But ere he began a subject, which Maria must have suspected he would, she said exactly what we think she ought to have said. Ah! Colonel Washington, to you I owe more obligations and gratitude, than I can express. Miss Frazier, he replied, to the Almighty I owe thanks, that he has made me the instrument of rescuing the loveliest of God's creation from wretchedness. I owe thanks, for this never to be forgotten blessing, even on my own account; for had this son of barbarity, De Villars have succeeded in his designs, respecting you, never from that hour could I have known comfort or peace in this world. Maria, I have told you often, with what ardor and sincerity I admire and almost adore you, and how much my happiness depends upon a union with you, and yet I have never been made to hope, by a single whisper or approval. Oh give me, who, otherwise, will never enjoy this world with satisfaction, a right to become your protector, and to secure you an asylum where none will dare to make you afraid. To this full, free, and decided confession of love, as well as undisguised request of her hand, Maria replied: my brave, my generous protector, how can I answer you; would to God that I could recompense your kindness—that I could show you how much I esteem your virtues and admire your nobleness, and heroism of character, in the way you desire, but this is impossible. Oh, my most valued friend, you ask what is not in my power to give. She checked herself for a moment, and then resumed: yes, I will trust thee with the secret of my heart, as I owe thee this; ah, what do I not owe thee; but my confidence thou shalt have. Perhaps I have withheld it too long. Oh Washington, my heart is—is, another's.

On hearing these terrible words, he became deadly pale, with his eyes steadfastly gazing upon her, sallied back against the rocks of the cavern, where he supported himself till recovering a little, he exclaimed faintly, "another's,"—oh, how can I bear it—my hopes are wrecked—it is all over with me—I can never love a second time. Here he was silent, as

well as Maria; for what could she say to comfort him; as well might the axe-man talk sweet words to the decapitated head, as to Washington in that dark point of time. He prayed mentally for support, and it was given, for he soon seemed to recover his wonted firmness, but by no means his peace of mind.—Now I know my fate, said Washington, with great calmness; ah, it is to linger out a life without much caring for personal happiness, but I am resigned, if I might dare thus to speak—it is the will of a holy Providence—yet—yet this heart how it struggles—angel of strength assist me.

Maria was about to reply, although she was equally distressed, but not for the same reasons, striving to think of something appropriate to speak for his comfort, when the sounds of footsteps were heard advancing along the dark passage, evidently in great haste. This was Dr. Kilbourn, who, without ceremony, and before he had got fairly into the room, addressed Tonnaletuka, supposing he was there, and seeing nobody, by saying, your petition has been granted, father, but it only prolongs Captain Adderley's life till Monday noon, and this is Saturday morning. Oh! what of Captain Adderley, exclaimed Maria, to Kilbourn's great surprise, as he supposed her yet in Fort Du Quesne—where, where is he. At the Prophet's request continued the Doctor, inconsiderately, he is respited from the flames till Monday at noon, but then his death is inevitable. He was going on with further particulars, but said no more, as Maria fell lifeless to the floor.

Washington flew to her aid, took her in his arms, but she breathed not—the only signs of animation was a slight quivering of her lips. By this time Tonnaletuka had come in from a short ramble in the woods, when he had her laid on the bed. Washington bent over her as he beheld the hand of death apparently at work, and as she did not revive from the use of sprinkled water, nor the ordinary means, wept like a child, the only tears, it is said, he was ever known to shed. Kilbourn, when he saw this, opened a vein, and as the blood slowly commenced flowing, signs of life returned.—CHARLES, was the first word she spoke, but it was in a delirium. Oh, the savages, she continued, they have burnt alive my husband, take and burn me with him. Soon her life and reason returned, but her horror struck imagination remained. She wrung her hands and wept piteously.

Washington now saw who was the object of her affections, he had never before even dreamed this was so. Captain Adderley, thought he—alas, it is so. She loves him—it is evident that her happiness depends on his existence. Happy, happy Adderley, to be beloved by such a being.

Here, at this point of the history, would it be wrong were the writer to say, that in the world there are more men than a few, who would have hesitated respecting the fate of a rival, situated as Adderley then was. Were this man no more, the prize before him might be won; nay, it was certain, that in her heart, Washington stood next to Adderley, and in some re-

spects, as will, by and by appear, even above him. A little delay in any attempt to rescue him, would secure his death; thus a depraved selfishness would have ruminated. But not a shadow—not an inkling of thought, in the bosom of Washington, appears to have existed of that description; for as soon as he saw Maria's happiness depended on Adderly, he nobly sacrificed his own hopes for her sake. In a few minutes he had made up his mind what to do, when he took Dr. Kilbourn apart, conversed awhile with him and then returned to Maria. I must leave you he said, I am glad to see you are recovering—support your trials with fortitude, and it may be that the God of Heaven will yet restore you to happiness.—Farewell, my duty calls me elsewhere.

Farewell, generous, benevolent Washington, she said, holding out her hand, which he took, and for the first time he had ever taken that liberty, pressed it to his burning lips—as she still repeated, farewell noble hearted Washington, I never can forget your kindness.

He now, in great agitation of mind left the cavern, in company with Dr. Kilbourn, but whither, there was none who knew.

It will be recollected that in the battle Brad-dock had with the Indians at Turtle Creek, Charles Adderly killed a savage—the one who had levelled his rifle at Washington, but a few feet from him. This Indian happened to be a hero, a real scalp taker, of great repute among the Caughnawaga's, whose death they were determined to revenge, as they had seen by whose hand he had fallen. In a moment, nine or ten Indians seized him and bore him immediately out of the battle, for the purpose of devoting him to the flames.

There was another man, Bartley by name, who also had killed a Chief in the same fight, a Virginian, who was taken at the same moment, by as many more Indians of the same tribe, making in all twenty or so, of the whole company, besides the prisoners and one Chief. On the journey, which was through bush and brake, the Indians did not omit, as they went, to whip and wound the prisoners; they grinned, yelled, flourished their tomahawks and knives about their ears, and in every way did their best to mortify, grieve and frighten them.

By the time it was night they had gone into the woods about ten miles, where they halted, and having shot a deer, they roasted it for their supper. Here the prisoners were tied back to back, then laid on the ground, and thus left to suffer till morning.

The Indians now pursued their way for about ten miles further, arriving at the head of Char-iter's Creek, where there was a few huts, two or three squaws and some poppooses; here they came to a final halt, as it was here they intended to burn the two prisoners. On that very day, the preparatory ceremonies of the sacrifice took place, which in part consisted of several speeches made by the Indians, according to their views of religion and piety. In these, they recounted the wrongs which they had sustained at the hands of the white man—they commented on the wonderful prowess of

the Chiefs who had been killed by the prisoners. Hilsamash, who had fought thirty battles, and taken three hundred and fifteen scalps has been slain, they said, and that was the man, pointing to Adderly, who killed him. Brothers, Hilsamash has gone to the Manito, are ye for kindling the flame? A yell was the approving response.

Charles was to be burnt first. The stakes were driven, the wood was already gathered, an half hour or so, his limbs must feel the horrors of being consumed in a slow fire. But as they had took him, and were taking off his clothes, there was seen a white man hastening down the hill that rose in front of the stake, to the northward, when the Indians gave a yell, seeming to think they had now another victim in their power.

The stranger came on however without fear, upon a half run, but as he neared the fatal spot, and had approached close to the intended tormentors, held out the wampum of Tonnaleuka, and at the same time, saying to the Indians, as he well understood their tongue, as well as the French, that he was a messenger from the Prophet. On hearing this the Indians gave the yell of welcome, and led to the chief Sachem, the great *Taksuma*, the messenger of their mysterious Prophet, to whom in the most explicit manner he stated his business, when the Chief immediately called upon the warriors, by a peculiar yell, to be attentive to what he was about to communicate.

Brothers, said he, listen. Tonnaleuka, the holy Prophet of Manito, says that the prisoner Adderly is not prepared to die, and that our Great Manito will be deeply offended if we put the victim to death, sooner than a quarter of the moon, and we must obey. Immediately there was seen among the Indians much confusion, the shaking of the knife and tomakawk, with horrid gestures and frantic demeanor, indicating discontent with the decision of their Chief. Especially the brother of the hero who Charles had killed, Remalseh by name, raved like a maniac, and turning to the prisoner where he lay bound, gave a horrid stare in his eyes, accompanied with a yell of the most ferocious and threatening character, then darted off into the dark wilderness, saying as he went, that he could not bear to see the slayer of his brother live so long as a quarter of a moon, and that he would go to the west and hunt. But on the day of sacrifice, he would return to rejoice around the roasting flesh of the destroyer of his brother.

Kilbourn, now told Adderly, that by the influence of Tonnaleuka, he had obtained a respite from death for seven days, or half a moon, but added to the sentence, that had it not been for an occurrence which had taken place at Frazier's, the Prophet would have delivered him from the power of the Indians entirely, before this time. To this speech Adderly immediately responded in great earnestness, begging to be informed of what he meant, as he feared that something had befallen Maria.—Here Kilbourn related all the dreadful particulars of Miss Frazier's capture by De Villars.

The reader, it is presumed, will recollect, that, at this time, Kilbourn knew nothing of Maria's rescue—this he learned as he entered the cavern, with news from Adderly, as we have before related. To all this Charles listened with intense agony and horror, giving full vent to the terrible energies of his deep-toned anger, tearing the earth all round him, tied as he was, while there raged on his lips, and poured forth on the air full volleys of red-hot curses and execrations, upon the head of every Frenchman on the globe, but especially on that of De Villars; as he did not doubt, but the villain had, ere that time, by force humbled the object of his adoration, in a way, which the sacrifice of the whole human race could not redeem. His raving and extraordinary demeanor attracted the attention, even of the Indians, who soon gathered round him to learn what the matter was with the prisoner. Kilbourn told them that he had lost a friend whom he loved most tenderly. This surprised the Indians very much, who said that they did not know that the pale faces could love each other so well. The prisoner, said Taksumah, bears his *own* sufferings without a murmur, but rages even to distraction, at the loss of a friend, but I honor him for it, and shall take care that he is not tortured, as his enemy *Hiisamash* desires; he must die, but it shall be in the easiest manner.

Kilbourn took care to applaud the Chief for that speech, saying that the Prophet would esteem him highly if he kept his word. But as there was no respite for Bartley, the Prophet not knowing that there was such a prisoner, had sent no request in his behalf; the Indians therefore set instantly about putting him to death. Bartley now took a last farewell of Captain Adderly, as he saw what the Indians were about, saying I go before you to my awful doom. I am not afraid to die, and yet the manner is too dreadful. He was soon led to the stake and tied with his hands above his head, being naked. In this situation he spoke to Kilbourn. Sir, said he, is your rifle charged? It is, was the reply. Oh, then, for God's sake, in great mercy, give me its contents. Kilbourn mused a little, then said yes. God bless you, replied Bartley.

The Indians having got all things ready for the torturing of the victim, rushed to its execution, but while in the act of setting fire to the rubbish around his feet, there was heard the sharp crack of a rifle shot behind them, when Bartley's head fell upon his bosom, for the bullet of Kilbourn's rifle had done its office—Bartley was no more. Instantly the Indians looking behind them, saw from whence the shot had come, and seizing the offender began to drag him to the stake, being enraged at the disappointment of torturing the prisoner. But here the Chief sachem, Taksumah, interfered by saying, brothers, be cautious, mind what what you do; this man is the messenger of the Prophet himself—let us beware.

Here the Indians paused, and reciprocating among themselves a few stifled *ugh's* uttered with a deep, low sound, proceeded to tie him—

when he was placed under the care and sentinelship of a youthful squaw, while they disappeared on a hunt, except two or three who kept guard over Captain Adderly. When night came, the messenger, Kilbourn, was taken into the hut of the young squaw, where the prisoner so effectually besieged the heart of the guileless Indian, that on Kilbourn's promising to marry her and to live with her among the whites, she untied him, when they set off together, in the night, and were soon far away from the neighborhood of the hut of his brief courtship. But no sooner did Kilbourn ascertain his own safety, than he broke his vows of love, left his all-believing forest sylph in the depths of the night, and fled to the cavern of the Prophet, as already related, and announced the fate of Adderly.

The quarter of the moon which was the boundary of the respite of Adderly's sentence of death, at length had nearly waned away. There was but an hour or so, when the twenty warriors, who were all present, as they had returned from the hunt, were to begin the ceremonies of the prisoner's departure to the world of spirits. Twelve the noon of that day was the precise moment of the end of the Prophet's intercession, when the victim would be ready to die. All hope of escape or of rescue had fled the bosom of Charles. The enraged Remalseh, the brother of the slain chief, had with his own hands tied the victim to the stake, and so tight that the cords were pressed inward nearly to the bone, causing great pain. This done, the savage, after uttering in the ears of Adderly, the same infernal yell he had on his departure for the hunt, fell back to await the signal of the Chief, to proceed to the torture. But at this instant a troop of fifty cavalry burst like a meteor over the brow of a hill behind them, from whose lips rang a loud huzza, while at the same instant a shower of bullets rained death among the astonished Indians, so that not one of the twenty escaped; even the good Taksumah, as well as the ferocious Remalseh, lay there among the dead.

In a moment the sword of Washington had cut the bands of Adderly, when he was free! and though naked as he was born, rushed into the arms of Washington, crying, oh matchless man! thou hast restored me again to life! Yes, he replied, and I shall do more, I will restore you to happiness. Ah! knowest thou, wonderful man, exclaimed Charles, knowest thou what can make me happy? I do know, said his deliverer. It is the heart and hand of the loveliest, the purest and most endearing woman in the creation—Maria Frazier. Angel of mercy! cried Charles, with a wild mixture of hope, joy, and surprise—where, where is she? Oh! is Maria safe? Washington replied, Miss Frazier is safe from all present danger. You, too, are safe, and may you both long continue thus. All this was said while Doctor Kilbourn was unlacing his portmanteau to extract therefrom a suit of uniform, wherewith to cover the naked form of Captain Adderly.

This troop of horse had been obtained at the great meadows, where Dunbar yet remained

after the defeat of Braddock. As soon now as the party had taken their dinner, made up of such articles of food as their valieces and the huts of the Indians contained, they made off in the direction of Turtle creek, leaving the Indians there on the ground, but bearing away their guns and ammunition as their own, taken in honorable battle, for Washington was deeply anxious to see the lovers united. Maria was yet at the cave, where she had remained from the time of her escape out of the castle of Duquesne.

That she should still remain there was necessary, for De Villars had sent out several parties as soon as it was daylight, the morning following her escape, in search of his lost prize Mademoiselle Frazier, but without success. It was night when the troop arrived at Frazier's but as it was not considered safe to remain there, Paddy took them all to the same spot he did the horses of Washington and the Prophet, on the night of the rescue of Maria, as it was a place of the utmost security. But early the next morning, we need scarcely inform the reader, that Washington and Charles Adderly were on their way to the cave, even before it was light, and yet the Prophet nor Maria were found sleepers, and especially Maria, whose disquietude on account of Captain Adderly's perilous and uncertain fate, had scarcely allowed her eyes to close during the previous night.

The Prophet and the faithful girl were up, and conversing on the subject of Charles's appalling situation, hoping and fearing, for even Tonnaleuka himself had begun to dread the worst respecting his fate. But as they sat talking beside the newly kindled fire, as it was damp there in the heart of the mountain, tho' in mid summer, the quick ear of the Prophet caught the sound of something entering the cavern; when he turned and said Maria, my child, I have a presentment that there is good news approaching. Heaven grant it, replied Miss Frazier. But alas! she continued, I am accustomed to hear of nothing but disasters, that—Oh! God of all goodness! Is it so? and the next moment her head was hid within the bosom of her Charles, while the folding arms of her delirious lover were pressing her closer and still closer to his tumultuous heart.

In this condition they remained a long time, both weeping convulsively, being as yet incapable of speech, while their wrapt spirits were in communion deep and blissful, a state of feeling far beyond the power of mortal tongue to body forth in words. It was the language of commingling love—boundless, shoreless, fathomless, eternal. During this scene their deliverer stood by, though unseen as yet by either Maria or the Prophet, for he had remained at the angle of a projecting stone beyond the beams of the blazing hearth, till the first salutation of the lovers should be past.

At length the feeling which then occupied their bosoms gave way, for it is not in our natures long to sustain happiness so acute—mortal existence, under its intenseness would fail—when they became more calm—and yet we

could relate many of their but half finished sentences of wild unguarded rapture, but we forbear, well knowing that the reader, if ever they have felt this holiest of the passions of mortal existence, they can imagine the rest; it is too sacred, as well as too sublimated for the gross hearing of the outward ear.

Washington now came forward, for he had remained a little back, that his presence should not be a check upon the natural flow of their feelings, when Maria casting her eyes toward the place he was coming from, having heard the sound of his feet, arose, crying out as she did so, ah! I know it all—it is he—nothing that man can do is difficult for him! Oh! Charles, my deliverer from Fort Duquesne, is also your deliverer from the power of the Indian flames. Oh, Washington! Washington! what can I say, to express the weight of our obligation to thee? Miss Frazier, he replied, taking the hand which she held out to him as they met, spare your thanks, as the witness of your joy on the present occasion is to me an ample recompense for my exertions and sacrifices. But let me say, that it will recompense me still more amply, to witness the confirmation of your permanent felicity.

During this colloquy Adderly had risen to his feet in admiration, when Washington said, Captain, give me your hand, as he still held that of Maria. Here, for a brief second or two, he appeared much affected, for a sudden paleness came over his countenance, which continued, however but for an instant, when the cloud passed swiftly away, his firmness was restored, and America's hero towered far above all selfishness and weakness of the human passions, as he said, my friend, my dear Charles—that lady by your side I have loved as I shall never love another. But you possessed her heart before she had possession of mine. You have become necessary to her. Her happiness. In competition with which, I value my own peace of mind as nothing, and I know well that she is necessary to yours. Take her, Mr. Adderly, make her your own, and may you be long happy together on the earth.

My best friend, cried Adderly, nearly weeping from the force of commingled feelings, but chiefly in admiration of his deliverer's magnanimity of soul—you alone are capable of this! I shall not attempt to express my feelings of more than intense gratitude; it would be in vain. Ah! you too have loved Maria. And who that knows or has seen her does not? And yet you have given her to me in saving my life, as it had been possible for thee to have left me to my fate had there been a particle of sinful selfishness in your heart. Oh, Maria! he continued, as Washington released their hands from his, I feel that I am not capable of such virtue! Your Charles acknowledges his vast inferiority to that man.

And well you may, without a blush, acknowledge it, replied Maria, proud of her lover's admiration of the hero, and rejoiced that he did not hesitate to confess that Washington was his superior in greatness of soul; for oh!

she continued, who *can* compare with him? What do we not owe him?

Here she seemed lost for want of words in which to express her overwhelming admiration of the more than human generosity of Washington, and stood in the attitude of one in a trance, as if she had caught a glimpse of the high beatitudes of the souls of men made perfect in a celestial state. Adderly saw this, and placing his arm around her waist supported her, or she would have fallen, from the enervating intensity of her imagination; for her countenance seemed to gleam with an unnatural whiteness, as she still stedfastly looked on their great deliverer.

Washington was **not blind**, for as if endowed with **intuitive perception**, he knew her thoughts; and felt **abashed** that so much adulation should be directed to him, from the heart of so much innocence and absolute beauty. This was a brief period, in which Washington felt that he had a full reward, and more than his modest nature required; it was a moment of holy fruition, reciprocally enjoyed by the three, and yet wholly from different causes, so that there was no jar or alloy in the flow of that blissful moment.

Of this scene, Tonnaleuka had not been an idle observer, neither had he failed to appreciate the full extent of the happy realities of the moment, and that the feelings of the three, had transcended the powers of utterance, and therefore came to their relief. My children said he, as he approached them, in the wonted dignified manner of his character and habit; my children, this scene affects me greatly, I have **beheld it** in silence and wonder. I knew this young man, looking at Washington, was capable of much, but I scarcely thought him capable of *this*, for I knew the fervor of his love for this maiden, I know also, with what adamantine bonds love like his, binds the human heart, though but an Indian Prophet, yet I am not wholly a stoic in the rapturous feeling.

Washington now warmly and eagerly advised a removal from the forest to Philadelphia, and their immediate marriage, as a clergyman could be brought from the nearest settlement by sending a messenger. This advice was founded on the extreme danger, the family of Frazier must now be exposed to, as De Villars would certainly suspect them of disloyalty to the cause of the French.

To this advice, Maria replied by saying: Mr. Adderly is aware of my only objection, and that was, as the reader may remember, the consent of the father of Charles, which had not been obtained. Here Adderly pressed the advice of their noble friend with all the ardor of a tolerated lover, but without effect.

Washington supposing that her objection arose from the poverty of her supposed father, Gilbert Frazier, offered in the joy of his heart, to make over to her by actual deeds, such property in the State of Virginia, as would remove the objection, and render her acceptable, so far as wealth could be concerned, to the family of Charles Adderly.

Here Tonnaleuka, broke in upon their conversation a second time, saying *hear me*.—Where will your kindness and generosity, for this young woman end. **HEAR ME**—you have plunged into the midst of her enemies, and snatched her from ruin—you have relinquished in favor of a rival, the most fondly cherished desires of your soul, to promote her happiness, and now you would bestow upon her your fortune. But *hear me*, glorious young man—she requires not this last instance of your generosity, for she is *rich*—as *rich* even in worldly possessions as the father of any man, to whom she may be married, could reasonably covet. This was a strange announcement, and instantly challenged the deep surprise of Washington, Adderly and Maria. But the Prophet continued—*hear me*. She is **my daughter**—my only child—oh, Maria, Maria, **I am** no Indian; I am a son of Europe—my dear, my only child, fly to my arms, to my bosom, kiss me, embrace me, for I am your father. Oh, how long I have desired to tell thee this. Oh, how my heart has yearned over thee—thee, a thousand times, my darling child.

This was amazement to all, but she flew to his arms, *believing* what he said, where from the fond embrace and the streaming tears of the hitherto most stoical Prophet, she drank into her soul the blest assurances, that none but a parent could look and smile as he did upon her. She leaned her head upon his bosom, and gazed on his face, while tears of joy pursued their way down her cheeks, as she was crying continually, oh, my father, my father, I am not an orphan as I supposed, though Alliquippa and my mother Frazier told me I was: oh, gracious God thou art kind—oh, how kind—this discovery crowns the mighty blessings thou hast this day conferred upon me, why did I not know this happiness before?

To this slightly expressed question, Tonnaleuka, now the confessed father of Maria, replied, stating several reasons, but ended by saying, those reasons now exist no more. You will henceforth mix with a class of society which will be new and novel—new duties, new relations and new sources of happiness, far more secure than this wilderness can now afford, may be your lot.

Here Tonnaleuka dismissed his daughter from his arms, and addressing Washington and Adderly, he said, I perceive that you are surprised at what I have told respecting myself, and no doubt, feel a curiosity, since you perceive that I am not an Indian, to know who and what I am, as well as does my lovely child.

This curiosity I am happy to gratify. I am a *Scotchman*, a *Highlander*, my name is *Mackintosh*, and was once a nobleman. I was deeply prejudiced in favor of the house of the *Stuarts*, and with thousands of others, was determined to re-establish the exiled monarch, upon the throne of his ancestors. Under the Earl of *Mar*, in Scotland, and the Earl of *Derwentwater*, in England, and some others, a powerful force was raised to forward this cause, and marched toward London. But at *Pestor*, the whole Scot-

fish force, six thousand in number, was compelled to surrender. From the field of defeat, I, with all the leaders, was sent to London and imprisoned in Newgate. Many of my confederates, suffered death by the axe. At length my turn came, when I was notified by the Sheriff to make ready for my trial. But the evening previous to the day I was to be arraigned, myself and five others so managed, that we got the upper hand of the Jailor and his assistants. We soon mastered them, and in a moment dispersed ourselves, in different directions, amidst the crowds of London.

In less than a week afterwards I was at the Court of St. Germain's, the titular Sovereign of which received me, with great respect and cordiality. My Scottish property was now lost to me, by an act of attainder, and I was declared an outlaw. By this I was reduced to beggary. But the interest of the Stuarts was sufficient to procure me a commission in the French army. In a few years, I was sent as Lieutenant Colonel of a regiment to Canada. My superior disliking the climate, soon returned to Europe, and I was made Colonel in his place. In this capacity I was stationed for a number of years, at a Fort near the Falls of Niagara. Here I had an opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the manners and customs of the Indians, as well as with many of their languages; and also of greatly improving my fortune, by purchasing their furs, and transmitting them for sale to Quebec, where I had formed connexions with mercantile houses for that purpose.

I had never yet thought of entering upon the marriage state; for, although I had not been indifferent to the charms of female society, yet perhaps the sense of my misfortunes and unsettled condition of life, had prevented any woman from making a serious impression upon my heart. But I was now favored with beholding one whose graces and virtues I felt it a delight to pay homage to. It was during a tour I made to Quebec on pecuniary business, that I first beheld *Maria d'Anville*. She was the daughter of Monsieur d'Anville, commander of the Quebec garrison, and only a few years from France.

I became entirely captivated by her charms, and though I was then thirty-seven years old, and Maria but twenty-two, and had refused the hands of numerous suitors, yet I had the singular happiness to gain an interest in her heart, and soon married. After this it was but little more than a year, when by Monsieur d'Anville's interest, I was appointed to command the garrison at New-Orleans. In proceeding thither, I was instructed to descend the Ohio river, and to take notes of the most eligible situations for a chain of Forts, which the French Government then contemplated erecting, so as to secure the possession of the whole country from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. In compliance with this appointment I set out with my wife, who was attended by but one female servant, which was in the autumn of 1734. We were accompanied by six officers, who also received appointments at New-Orleans. We

advanced on our journey, receiving assurances of friendship from the different tribes on the route, and without meeting with any accident, until we reached the mouth of French Creek, where, unfortunately, the servant girl died, by which means my wife was left without any female attendant.

We felt this accident the more acutely, as my adored partner was far advanced in a condition which would soon incapacitate her from proceeding on the journey, and when the company of a female would become indispensable. In this dilemma, we heard of an Indian Queen, residing on the bank of the Monongahela, not far from our intended route, whose society it was thought would be the most suitable the country could afford to my wife, under present circumstances. We accordingly hastened there, and Allequippi received us with great friendship and kindness.

Maria, however, still felt so uncomfortable at the prospect before her, with only savage women to attend her, that it was with great joy we were informed of some white women being in the vicinity, who had been brought out of the English settlements in Pennsylvania. I hastened to the Catanyan Village, where these captives were, and had the good fortune to ransom our friend Gilbert Frazier and his family from the Indians.

Immediately we set out and were soon at the hut of Alliquippi, who made the grief stricken family welcome. At my request, it was but a little while ere Frazier, by the help of the Indians, had erected a commodious log house, the same in which he now lives. At my request, the Queen also granted to Frazier some hundreds of acres of land, the same he now occupies. Into this house I removed my wife, where the angel who now sits beside me was born. But oh my friends, he cried, his voice trembling as he said it, there died the only woman I have ever loved. I then gave the babe to Frazier, together with some gold and the clothing we had with us. Soon after this my senses no doubt became bewildered and I knew not what became of me. I have even now a vague remembrance of having fled from the fatal spot with the view of hastening to Canada, and from thence to Europe, impressed with the delirious idea, that I should there meet with a remedy for all my troubles.

Several months of my life now succeeded of which I have no recollection, for my reason had doubtless been entirely suspended. I however recovered gradually, and then found myself among the Iroquois Indians, almost on the borders of the Mississippi. I was nearly naked, and the Indians being astonished at the wildness and fierceness of my manners, thought proper to preserve me, under the belief that the hand of the Manito was upon me, which secured their reverence and support, holding my character as one who was inspired.

As this opinion of the Indians had doubtless saved my life, I thought it best, when I had been recovered, not to undeceive them, but took pains to confirm them in the belief of my supernatural qualifications. But with the re-

turn of my reason, there arose in my mind an uncontrollable desire to visit the grave of my wife and to learn whether the babe was living. On this account I left the Iroquois in a private manner, proceeding eastward. I had gone on my journey as far as to the Scioto river, when I was taken by a band of Mingoes as a prisoner. I however understood their language, customs and opinions too well to feel much alarmed. My appearance, both as to complexion and dress, was altogether Indian, being by nature as you see, a man of a dark and lowering countenance, with heavy black hair, eyes the same as the Indians have, and with all am of great stature and strength, a qualification much admired by the natives, on which account there arose no suspicions respecting my true character. I had told these Indians that I was a Prophet of the Manito, which pretension, by my superior knowledge, was not difficult to sustain among them. I told the Mingoes, that I originally belonging to a remote nation of the far west, and as frequently having had wonderful visions, by which I was instructed in many things above the understanding of man, and that by a vision, I was now on my way to the Ohio river, in order to teach the tribes in that region the will of the great Father. It happened at that time, that the Mingoes had some *Ottawa* prisoners, who they had taken in battle, concerning whom they held a council, to which I was invited. Here I was determined to try what I could do to save these prisoners from the torture, by working on the belief the Mingoes seemed to entertain of my prophetic mission, and succeeded beyond my expectation, as they were persuaded to commute their death, by adopting them into their tribe.

In consequence of this incident, I became inspired indeed, (if not supernaturally,) with the humane purpose of remaining among the tribes for the purpose of using my influence, to tame their manners and to lessen the ferocity of their barbarous practices, toward a fallen enemy. With this view I solicited adoption into the tribe of the Mingoes, and became the son of their principle sachem, *Fallakamash* by name, who had lost a son, in their fight with the Ottawas, thus I was reckoned a Mingo and was soon recognised as the Prophet of that tribe.

During all this time, which consumed a month or more, the desire of visiting the grave of my deceased Maria, and to ascertain whether my child was alive, preyed upon my mind, so that I feigned a vision, in which I was again directed by the Manito to proceed to the Ohio country for the purpose above named, namely, to instruct the tribes in that quarter. This I related to *Fallakamash*, who said he could never oppose the revelations of the Great Spirit. From the Mingoes I soon found my way to the Ohio, went to Frazier's house as a strange Indian, saw my child, which I knew by her mother's looks, kissed her and returned to the Mingoes again for the purpose of extending my influence among the Indian nations. In this I succeeded, and was, ere long, acknowledged by all the neighboring tribes, as the undoubted Prophet of the Manito.

In the course of a year or so, I again visited my daughter, and formed the resolution of making a concealed residence in her vicinity. I soon discovered this cavern, which I found suited to my purpose, and with much labor have rendered quite good and convenient as you see it is. It was while I was employed in this work, that my intercourse with Frazier's family, in the character under which they have ever since known me, was began. It was soon after commencing this operation, as I was one day passing through the woods, that I heard the screams of a child, and hastening to the place, found Paddy, who was then a small boy, crying piteously, for he had fallen from a ledge of rocks down into a kind of gulf and broken his leg. I carried him home and set the broken limb, and by this means obtained an unsuspecting introduction to the intimacy of the family.

I now became the instructor of my child, and felt happier than I thought this world could make me, since it no longer contained her who had given me the only true relish of existence. Feeling thus, I had no desire to return to society. My *all* was here in the wilderness. My child was here, the last sad home of my wife was here; here was the spot—ah, how often have I watered it with my tears—where the remains of her once lovely form was interred. Here too, was the theatre of my usefulness to humanity. By my authority over the minds of the savages, I have had the happiness of saving many a human being from destruction.

At this point of the Prophet's history, or as we should now write his name, the Laird of Mackintosh, was suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of Paddy Frazier, with information that a party of French soldiers, commanded by De Villars himself, had surrounded his father's house, threatening to burn it, and to carry the whole family prisoners to Fort Du Quesne, in order to compel them by torture, to discover the place of Maria's concealment.

Here was a new trial for the suffering young lady to pass through, and one which would have overpowered her, as she knew the danger Frazier's family were in, had not Washington, who instantly saw the state of her feelings, exclaimed, fear not Miss Frazier, for your friends. I have a force at hand, sufficient to rescue them from the tigers of the forest: my life for their safety.

Father, comfort thy daughter, said Washington to the Prophet, till we return. And Captain Adderly, and you Paddy Frazier follow me.

He hastened to the place where the troops lay hid, or were encamped. My brave men, said Washington, yonder is work for your swords and pistols, let us mount and away.— Their fleet horses soon swept the ground in full speed, and in a few minutes the French party were attacked almost by surprise. There was poor old Frazier, his wife, Archey, Nancy and Dr. Kilbourn, all tied and being led off toward Du Quesne to be tortured. But the moment the troop of Washington came in sight, the captors let their victims go and took to their

heels, the greater part of them, on which account those who stood their ground, remained only to be taken or cut down.

De Villars, who was a good soldier, did all he could to form his men, and prevent their flight. He mounted his horse, galloped from place to place after his flying soldiers to bring them back, but all to no purpose. His exertions, however, were soon over, for Paddy Frazier having pointed out De Villars to Captain Adderly, who had never before seen this doughty Frenchman, flew towards him with the rapidity of an eagle, darting upon its prey. He came upon him unawares, and so intense was the bitterness of his rage, that the first impulse was to strike him to the earth without warning, but he checked the blow. Turn execrable villain said he, and defend yourself.

In the name of Satan, who are you, cried De Villars, as he turned toward his antagonist. I am the avenger of Miss Frazier's wrongs, said Charles—knowest thou that name? By heaven then you are her lover, I suppose—the destroyer of all my hopes—have at you then.

Here the Frenchman hastily let off a pistol at the bosom of Adderly, but his horse at the instant raised his head, receiving the ball into the brain, and fell dead to the ground. But as the animal came down, its rider drove his sword through the neck of De Villars' horse, which fell at the same time. In another instant the combatants were on their feet, with their drawn swords frowning terribly at each other in all the desperation of deadly rage. They gazed not, they stood not, there was no parleying, no words, but with fiery speed they sprang to the attack. The sparks flew rapidly from their weapons, the motions of which could scarcely be distinguished by the eye, while the clink of steel rang sharp and angry on the ear. But this play was but of short duration, for Adderly, by a side stroke, as the sword of De Villars was coming with a sure aim toward his heart, turned it aside, and by the same motion, ran his own entirely through the neck of his enemy, who fell groaning, and pouring out a torrent of blood, which soon terminated his life.

So perish all foes to virtue, and the oppressors of innocence, cried Charles—Maria is avenged, and I at length have done something to deserve her.

By this time the French had all fled, or were taken. The family of Frazier now hailed Washington as their deliverer from a ferocious enemy. Ye hae, said Frazier, wi the blessing o' God saved us frae the hoos o' bondage, an wharefore should we nae submit to be guided by you to the land o' safety, for I trow we canna bide langer here, let us gang where we weel, unless we want to fa into the pit o' destruction.

Charles now flew to the cavern, with the news of the conflict, and related his victory over De Villars, as well as to bring Maria and the Prophet, or rather Lord Mackintosh, to the house of Frazier. When the good Irishman was informed that Tonnaleuka was the father of Maria, and with all, that he was a Scotch

nobleman, his tongue was let loose from excessive joy. Noo Nelly, (who was his wife) said he, did I not sae full mony a time tco ye, that the Prophet could na be an Indian—he had aye coore muckle sense on gifts sae like a christian, that he could na ha talked better on what was richt and wrang, an what was true religion, gin he had been born at Maughrygowan. An I aye had a notion, replied Nelly that the great French officer, wha was sae affectionate to his weaf, wad yin day or ither cam'd back to look afther his dochther.

It was now evident that an instant departure of the troop, the family and all was necessary, as the whole force of the French in that country would soon be upon them. Accordingly they packed up all they could carry and were under way toward the great meadows, leaving the farm, the house and all to be entered upon by whosoever came first after its desertion. It did not take them long, ere they were at the Meadows, where, under Dunbar who had rested from the time of Braddock's fatal battle till then, the whole force which yet remained, were put in motion, making all possible haste toward *Will's Creek*, now in Bedford county, Pennsylvania.

Having safely arrived at this place, it was thought advisable to remain awhile, as the location was a safe one, and moreover, at this point of the journey, it was proper that Washington should go toward Virginia, and Captain Adderly, with his charge, to Philadelphia.—From this place therefore, a messenger was sent with a letter from Charles to his father, giving him a history of his affairs; and of his love of Maria Frazier, keeping back however, the secret of her real birth and name, till his father should see and judge of her merits for himself.

This letter had no sooner been received and read by his parent, than he set out to meet his son at *Will's Creek*, and see the woman who had so entirely captivated the heart of his only child, and had caused him to reject the most splendid alliance, the city of Philadelphia could furnish. Charles had also instructed the messenger to call on a certain clergyman of the city to accompany his father, explaining the reason in a note addressed separately.—This arrangement he kept from the knowledge of Maria, as there could be no need of her knowing it, and besides, she would, no doubt, have opposed for several reasons.

The reason of the marriage taking place in the woods, instead of Philadelphia, was on Washington's account, as he desired to be present at the nuptials.

It was but a few days after the messenger was sent with the letter, when the venerable parent of Adderly had arrived at the Camp of Will's Creek. Now came the trying moment for the mind of Maria, as the eyes and heart of the father, might not be affected at first sight, as had been the heart and vision of the son. There can be no doubts but that the aristocratic father of Adderly must have had his preconceived prejudices against the object of his son's choice, being but a child of the woods

and a mere hunter's daughter, but at the very first sight of her, on being presented, all his surmisings fled like the damp fogs of the night before the flashes of a burning sun; his rapture was nearly on a par with that of Charles. On opening a conversation, in which all partook, after a desultory manner, his good opinion of Maria still more enhanced his estimate of the matchless woman, who was to be the bride of his son, so that when Charles besought his father to consent to their union, in the very presence of Maria and of Washington, the crimson of a blush was seen to mantle on the old man's face, from the very deference he felt in the presence of that accomplished child of nature, if we may so speak of her, while he seemed to struggle for words, in which to express his joy, at the prospect of so much happiness in reversion for his much loved son.

Maria now finding that there was no further reasons why she should not taste the cup her Father in Heaven seemed evidently to have presented her, she yielded to the changeless ardor of her lover, and was married there beneath the foliage of the wilderness, in the presence of God, of Washington, the troops, the

happy father of Adderly and Lord Mackintosh. Washington was happy to see Maria happy, but who does not know, that such a happiness, was far from being of the happiest description, as nothing less than deep regret must have been its accompaniment; yet, as her friend, he could see her when he would, which, it cannot be denied, was his well acquired right.

On the next day after the marriage, the party of Adderly, and that of Washington separated, one going to Virginia and the other to Philadelphia, where Maria became the admiration of the metropolis of her country, as well as the dear and close friend of *Arabella Walworth*, living many years to be the joy of her always adoring husband, and the stay of the Mingo Prophet, or as the reader now knows, was her father.

Frazier and his wife, who had been the guardians of Maria's infancy, were placed again on the farm of the *Juniata*, which Adderly bought and bestowed upon him in gratitude for their faithfulness in protecting the supposed orphan, the child, as she proved to be, of the noble exile, Lord Mackintosh.

Should the reader of the foregoing pages object to the truth of the narrative, as but few of the particulars herein mentioned, are found in the history of the times, or in Washington's writings. To this we may reply, that it would be very unlikely that Washington, although extremely particular in his accounts of his public transactions would mention any thing, connected with any addresses he may have bestowed upon any lady, who might have attracted his attention.

The name of *Frazier* occurs often in his accounts, as published to the world, and the very place where he lived, on or near the Monongahela.

SPARKS, in his work entitled *Washington's Writings*, says in a note, Vol. 2, page 47, that Frazier had lived there, (on the Monongahela or Turtle Creek, many years) as an Indian trader. To justify this statement, and in aid of the truth of the foregoing history, the reader will recollect, that *Paddy Frazier*, the son of old Frazier, did nothing else but trade with the Indians, which circumstance was enough to justify that remark in Sparks' history.

This same writer, above named, says also in the same work, Vol. 2, page 472, in the appendix, that Washington lost in the battle of Braddock all his papers, which related to his transactions with the French and Indians, besides his private journal. Now, may we not conjecture, and reasonably too, that in this same private journal, there was an account of his acquaintance with this young lady, which the duties he owed to his country did not make necessary to be published; it was a matter to be known, only by himself.

The formation of the first Ohio Fur Company to trade with the Indians of that region, is a

matter of history, the existence of which is mentioned by *Sparks*, where he says, that prior to the formation of this company in Philadelphia the trade with the natives was carried on by the hunters. It will be recollected that Adderly's father lived in the Capital of Pennsylvania, which was Philadelphia, and was a promoter of this trade, being an opulent merchant, and no doubt dealt in furs, a commodity which at that time afforded great profits.

In Marshall's history of Washington, Vol. 1, Note 1, page 2, it is recorded that the narrative of Washington, which gave an account of his tour through the wilderness with the letter of Governor Dinwiddie, states, that at his meeting with the Indians in council, at a place called *Loggs-town*, there was present a powerful and active chief, by the name of *Mo-na-ka-too-cha*, who, in our opinion, was no other than the famous *Tonnaleuka* of this work, as the two names are too much alike to be separated, or to allude to more persons than one.

The influence of this *Mo-no-ka-too-cha*, among the Indians, suits well to the character of the Prophet, for it seems that this council, according to Marshall, had great weight with the savages at the *Loggs-town* council. Every historian of those times, make mention of this *Loggs-town* council, and that Washington was there.

Marshall also says, that Washington, found this Frazier dwelling there, on his first visit to that wilderness, and that he went several times afterwards: page 8 of the notes, as our story also relates.

King Shingiss and Queen Alliquippi are spoken off by all the writers of the French war, as well as the places where they lived, &c.

agreeing with all that is said in this work on that subject.

Marshall mentions that when Washington had left the house of this Frazier on his return from that country, the *first* time, that he met, not far from Frazier's dwelling, the *second* Ohio company, who were on their way to establish a trading house among the Indians. This fact also agrees with this work, as the reader may remember the time when Maria and Washington were walking together and were met by Adderly and his party, coming a second time to that country—see page 65 of *this* book. Indeed the destruction of this company was one of the first causes which led to the bloody French war.

We have also read an account in some of the reminiscences of that period, of a certain very brave soldier, named *Puddy Frazier*, who was in the army of the Revolution under Washington, and was in the great fight of Trenton, N. J. and at Yorktown, in the same State, where he was killed by a shot in the breast, and that Washington very much mourned his death, and was heard to say, "*Alas! a brave man is cut off in his prime,*" evincing for this man's death, a more than *common* solicitude, as if there was roused in his mind grievous recollections.

Washington, it is well known, when young, was a man of great sensibility of mind, ardor of temperament, exceedingly fond of refined society, and the excitements of social relations, athletic amusements, &c. yet he did not marry until his twenty-eighth year, at which time of life, a man now-a-days is supposed to be an *old bachelor*.

This fact, in our opinion, goes far to favor the idea, of his once being *disappointed in love*, and of his having made a resolve never to marry on that account, or he would have found, at an earlier day than he did, some woman to have been his wife.

The very circumstances accompanying his first acquaintance with the woman he finally married, has in them much to confirm the belief, that he had resolved never to marry—and besides, these *very* circumstances, prove the great susceptibility and ardor of his temperament of mind, as we have before said, is well known. These circumstances were as follows, in substance: See Paulding's *Life of Washington*, Vol. 1.

General Washington was on a journey to Williamsburgh, a town in Virginia, on very urgent business, requiring great haste and ex-

pedition. But while on his way, he was overtaken by a Mr. Chamberlyn, who resided on a branch of York River. This man, according to a southern custom, in matters of hospitality, invited, and even insisted that Washington should call at his house and spend a day or two. But the General refused, on account of the urgency of his business. Chamberlyn, however continued to press the invitation, with uncommon earnestness, insisting that he *should* call and take dinner with him at least. At length Washington yielded to his importunities, so far as to say, he would dine with him, but could stay no longer, though he should be unfeignedly happy to do so if he could.

But soon there happened a circumstance, which brought a change over the spirit of his dream.

When the hour of dinner had arrived, among other members of Chamberlyn's family, there was a lady there on a visit, namely, a *Mrs. Martha Custis*, a young widow, to whom Washington was then introduced. But to be brief, the sequel of the story is, Washington became immediately so captivated and enamored of this beautiful woman, that he forgot the urgency of his journey, and did not leave the house till the next day. In a very short time he visited the lady in a formal manner, and offered her marriage, which she accepted, allowing this old bachelor to carry her off from a crowd of much younger admirers.

From the suddenness of this fancy and marriage, we cannot but draw the conclusion, that *Martha Custis* must have resembled his lost *Maria*, and instantly caused him to offer her his heart and hand, in order to secure, if possible, the only woman he had as yet seen, who could fill the place in his heart, of the lost jewel of the wilderness.

It may be enquired how Mr. Paulding came by this account, which was never published until it appeared in that author's work. They were received, says Mr. Paulding, from the lips of an *old negro* (once a slave to Washington we presume,) who delighted to talk of his illustrious master. No history of Washington before this, has a word of the particulars of that affair; why, therefore, should not his love of *Maria Mackintosh*, be found out in some such way—that is, by means of some early friend, and has thus been transmitted orally, till embodied by the pen of an early writer, from whom we have gathered the account, and therefore favor the truth of these pages.

A SINGULAR CONJECTURE.

In closing the pages of this pamphlet, as we have the room, after having finished the narrative alluded to on the title page, we have seen proper to add the following:

It is a conceded fact, that in every region of the globe, there is now, and have been for ages evidence indubitable and impossible to be disregarded, that the earth in all its parts, mountains, lakes, rivers seas, caves, and alluvials has undergone the violence of some tremendous shock or convulsion.

From the discovery of marine shells, bones and teeth of aquatic animals, at great depths beneath the now common surface of the earth, of a hundred feet and more, as found on the lower regions of the Mississippi and many of the rivers of the globe, it appears that the ocean once rolled its tides where man now dwells, where forests grow, and the beasts of the dry land roam at large. And also after having gone on beyond the limits of oceanic appearances, toward the higher grounds of all countries, there appears in many regions of the earth, inland of the mountains, to have once existed vast lakes, as well as smaller ones, which have disappeared. Not only do such appearances present themselves in all countries to the eye of the philosopher and geologist, but also there are the tracks of many a majestic river, as well as lesser streams to be traced, which once found their way to the ocean by different routes than they do now.

There are also found in various regions of the earth, vast caves, as in Kentucky, extending to many a league, and to great depths which once were evidently filled with water, and were the cold and pellucid sources of thousands of springs, rivulets, brooks and rivers, which do not now appear.

We assert that all the great rivers, and many of the smaller ones, which run into the ocean southerly and northerly, have once been damed up in America by high mountain ranges, behind or beyond which were embodied in deep vallies the remaining waters of the deluge.

That the Connecticut, the North river, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Ohio, and the Mississippi, as well as the St. Lawrence, were once obstructed by mountain barriers is certainly true. And it is as certainly true that when these mountain barriers existed, there was inland of these mountains, lakes, both great and small of various depths and forms, covering millions of acres of land, where gambolled and was bred myriads of fishes and the monsters of the great fresh water deep, now occupied by other races of beings, whose element is the dry land.

In writing on a subject like this, it is natu-

ral to notice, appearances of this kind which are nearest to us, or in the immediate neighborhood of the region we dwell in.

We therefore bring to view the well known conjecture that the North river, that mightiest river of the Empire State, and great in commerce, was once obstructed by that majestic range of mountains known as the Catskill, or farther east as the Blue, Green and White Mountains; and west, as the Alleghanies, till they unite with the Rocky Mountains, far towards the Pacific, the Oregon and Mexico.

The reasons of this conjecture, arises out of the following facts. **FIRST**, as the eye runs along on the tops of this stupendous range, as you approach it from the north or south, on the said river, it is at once evident that the mountains on both sides of the river was originally one and the same range, which by some means has been cut in two in some remote age of time. On both sides of the river, the character of the rocks are the same, which is rather of a loose or shelly formation, as well as their heights are equal. On passing up or down the waters of the Hudson, as you take in the landscape from west to east, or vice versa, you see no way for the river to make its escape, as the redolent ranges of this mountain host seem in their march not to notice the flow of the silent river, leaving it no alternative but to heap itself up against the side of the mighty barrier, as no doubt was the fact, at the subsiding of the flood.

SECOND, there is a range of two parallel mountains, commencing on the west side of the Hudson, distant from that river some twenty miles inland to the west, which run along side by side, for nearly a hundred miles, being on an average, not more than three and four miles apart, ending in the country of the Delaware river, as you pass on south-west towards Honesdale, the great coal region.

These mountains give the deep swampy valley between them the appearance of a mighty ditch, excavated on purpose for the passage of some ancient and now unknown river, in which now flows a little stream, or brook, the mere remnant of what it once was. This valley was no doubt the ancient outlet of the North River, or rather of the great lake, once standing against the northern side of the mountains, as we can see no other use of those two strangely parallel ranges. This hollow is known as the great *Mamakating*, *Shongom* or *Shaungunk hollow*, and the ridges on either side are called the Shongom mountains.

At the spot where the Hudson now passes through the mountains, just below Newburgh, their elevation above the surface or level of the waters, is by actual measurement, found to

, on both sides of the river, fourteen hundred feet; these are known as the *Highlands* of the Hudson. At this spot, and some way low, the river is from three to four hundred feet deep, making nearly eighteen hundred feet from the top of the mountain to the bottom of the river, or the root of the range.

From this place to the head of navigation, that river, at Troy, it is well known, that there is not an ascent of more than ten feet, a distance of one hundred and twenty-one miles. From this view, it is at once evident, that all a country east and west of the river, as it now appears, was one continued lake, the shores of which, on the east, was the Blue and Green mountains, (a continuation of the Catskills,) and on the west by the same range, passing on through Pennsylvania and Virginia, toward the Rocky Mountains west, damming all the rivers in that direction, now flowing to the Atlantic, thus forming a vast lake or we may say a sea, covering the whole entire region, from the Blue Hills of Massachusetts and Vermont, to the Rocky Mountains in the far west, on the north side of the great Allepanies, bounded by the rising land of Upper Canada far to the north.

Here was an inland body of water of great extent, involving in its bosom all the lakes of the west, with the rivers, streams and fountains at its bottom, interspersed with islands infinite, the tops of which may be easily known, now that the waters are gone, by there being water sand on their summits.

But to return to the starting point, the Highlands of the North River at *Newburgh* and *West Point*, which was the foot of that great lake in the east, and there deduct from the fourteen hundred feet of the height of the mountain above the water, some four and even five hundred feet, on account of the hollows, or less elevated places of those mountains, there would still be left, a depth of water heaped up against the Highlands on the lake side, eight or nine hundred feet. This, therefore, was sufficient to overflow the whole country from the starting point, quite to Upper Canada, north, to the Rocky Mountains west, and to have admitted of the discharge of waters now discharged by the Hudson, over the highest portion of the great *Shongom* Valley above mentioned, which is more than six hundred feet above the level of the North River, and equal with the elevation of Buffalo, and off in that direction to the sea in company with the Delaware.

The depths of this lake or sea were various, as the country over which it spread was depressed or elevated, which was then, as it is now, in that particular, furnishing many a tract of island ground of exceeding beauty. From these, as from so many gardens of Paradise, the people of those ages saw the tempest rage and the rude crafts of the waters toss on the billows, where now are outspread much of the northern parts of the United States, as well as vast regions yet unsettled to the west, beyond the settlements. We could point out many such appearances over the whole earth,

where water once triumphed, but has disappeared in the ocean, by the means of openings being made in the embanking or primeval mountains, occasioned by some tremendous convulsion which must have operated universally and at the same time.

But what is the object of the above suggestion? We answer, it is to furnish the opportunity of giving an opinion, respecting *how* and *when*, and on what account this general convulsion took place, which we here give at once, so far as our own opinion is concerned. It was done when CHRIST WAS CRUCIFIED.

We know of no time, no era, no event, no exertions of the power of God over matter, since its creation, so likely to have produced so great a change in the earth, except the Deluge, as when the God of Nature suffered in *humanity* on the Cross; surely if nature's origin entered into distress, nature itself could but tremble. This idea, that of the earth being at that time deeply convulsed, we derive from the pen of inspiration itself, as written by the witnesses of the crucifixion. By them it is said, that the *earth shook* and the *rocks were rent*, as well as at that time there was over all the country, and doubtless the whole world (so the ancients held) a great darkness, and other appalling prodigies.

This, then, was the time when all these barriers were broken down, which enclosed the ancient waters—tore in pieces mountains—opened chasms—drained out the caves of the earth in many places—brought to the light of the sun many a fair region of country, and by the rush of earth torn up and borne along by the violence of the waters, many a league of the shallow coasts of the ocean, became filled up, so that where the briny waves once tumbled their world of waters, now grow the herbage of immense savanas, imbedding the very oceanic remains so often found in the depths of the earth at the present time, by the ever exploring hand of labor.

That the *earth*, the literal earth was thus to be shaken and broke to pieces at the time of the crucifixion of God's Son, was foretold full five hundred years before the event:—See the Book of *Haggai*, chap. ii. 6, 7, as follows: "For thus saith the Lord of hosts, yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth, and the sea and the dry land, when the desire of all nations shall come," who was Christ. In keeping with this fact, the actual and literal shakings or convulsions of the earth, as it is stated by the New Testament writers, there are many other passages of the Prophets, who say that the same thing should happen.

But more, in proof of the above conjecture: Who that has travelled much, has not noticed the appearances of mountains, and has not discovered along the ranges of those of the loftiest description, as well as many of a lesser formation, that almost every where over the whole earth, is seen vast fragments of ledges, weighing hundreds and thousands of tons, displaced from their beds, and thrown a quarter, a half, and even a whole mile from their

original places; and that too, in positions evincing that they did not *fall* by their own weight and land at such distances, but rather that they were *thrown or tossed* thus by sheer violence.

No current of the waters could have done *this*, as these appearances are found in *contrary* directions. No volcano could have done it, as there never was known a volcano of sufficient extent, to produce so universal a phenomenon as the derangement of all the ancient mountains of the globe, it must have been done by a supernatural power.

Thus, while the Atonement was being consummated at Jerusalem for the fallen mind of man, and a *restoration* provided, there was

exerted by the same power, over and upon the *physical* world, an influence, which opened their foundations the very mountains and let out the pent up floods, so that whole regions of the globe were disencumbered of their waters, and bared to the light, thus favoring the multiplication of God's image in the increase of the human race.

Thus is furnished an idea, embodying words for the imagination, and as we hope, not entirely of a useless nature, as its tendency is to excite an examination of mysteries of the age before us, where we may see, as now, the operations of the dreadful power and wisdom of the great Creator.



We insert this Engraving a second time, in order to apologise for an error on page 23, which error consists in a mistake of the engraver, who, instead of having clothes on the prisoner tied to the tree, should have drawn him in state of nudity—and instead of a *tree* he should have been tied to a stake—which were the facts.







